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THE DAUGHTERS OF EVE.

WHAT THEY ARE DOING AND THINKING AND SAYING.

An Olla Podrida Prepared and Arranged by One of Them for the Sunday Union.

TWO WOMEN.

"I know two women; and one is chaste
And cold as the snows on a winter's waste;
Stainless ever in word and thought
(As a man born dumb in speech errs not).
But she has malice toward her kind—
A cruel tongue and a jealous mind.
Void of pity and full of greed,
She judges the world by her narrow creed.
A brewer of quarrels and a breeder of hate,
Yet she holds the key to 'society's' gate.

"The other woman, with a heart of flame,
Went mad for a love that marred her name,
And out of the grave of her murdered faith
She rose like a soul that has passed through death.
Her aim is noble, her pity so broad,
It covers the earth like the mercy of God.
A healer of discords, a soother of woes,
Peace follows her footsteps wherever she goes.
A worthier life of the two, no doubt;
And yet 'society' locks her out.

THE LINEN CUPBOARD.

In bygone times, not yet entirely behind us, women prided themselves on their well-stored linen cupboards. Abroad, the practice is still kept up, and the linen is a gauge of the thoroughness and capabilities of the housewife. Our grandmothers would be horrified at the heterogeneous collections forming the store of some of the young housewives of the present day. How some of us ever find the thing required, at the proper time, would be a question difficult to answer. But the necessary confusion would be easily remedied with just a little care.

The first essential is to have a conveniently situated cupboard. In some houses it is well arranged and purposely placed in the vicinity of the bathroom, so that it benefits by the warmth of the hot-water pipes; but, even when such is not the case, some other dry receptacle can be fitted for the purpose. The shelves, being satisfactorily distributed and of the proper width for the reception of the larger articles, should be covered with strips of old linen coarse muslin tacked on the walls, and left hanging sufficiently to cover up the linen when arranged on the shelf to keep all dust away.

It is a convenience to keep inside the cupboard a complete list of the articles stored on each shelf, and to avoid the untidy appearance of pasted paper, alterations, etc., cards hung by narrow colored ribbons may be used with advantage, and can easily be rewritten when necessary. Camphor is very good and wholesome, but where it is disliked little muslin bags of cedar chips placed here and there give a clean and fragrant smell.

With regard to placing the various things a certain amount of discretion can be used—putting, for instance, such articles as are less frequently used on the higher shelves or at the back, if the shelves are deep enough to allow it, and towels, napkins, doilies, etc., in the more accessible places, where they can be found on an emergency, and even, if need be, in the dark, without upsetting the order of the whole shelf. Each pile of things must be well away from its neighbor, in order to secure comfort and tidiness; each set of things must be sorted—napkins of one pattern, towels of one border, etc.—for nothing is more demoralizing to the wholesome atmosphere of the linen store or to the temper of the victim than a useless, and consequently not patient, search amongst an ill-assorted pile for one particular thing that cannot be found because it has not been put into its proper place.

IN MODEST ESTABLISHMENTS,

Especially, it is well to aspire to fewer varieties of things, and, in purchasing linen, to invest in articles by the dozen, or in the largest quantities needed, from the start. It is cheaper in the long run and insures similarity. A set of six towels picked up hastily at a sale, a remnant of odd napkins purchased in a misguided impulse at another, only help to make up a miscellaneous and uncomfortable collection.

Linen can be made to last an incredible time with the exercise of a little judgment and care. It must be well examined, neatly mended and thoroughly aired after every wash and before it is put away. When the sheets begin to wear they can be turned sides to middle. Wornout tablecloths can be made into napkins, sideboard cloths, etc. Use the things in rotation, always placing the last article washed at the bottom of the pile and giving out whatever comes next from the top. Of all the provinces over which the housewife rules the linen cupboard offers as great a scope as any for daintiness, order and refinement, and if well managed it may become "a thing of beauty and a joy forever."

PICK-UPS.

Very pretty "Red Ridinghood" penwipers are made from the wish-bones of fowls, aided by scarlet cloaks and black petticoats. The following lines, pinned to the apron of each, explain the practical use to which it is henceforth intended to be applied:

"Once I was a merry-thought
Growing in a hen;
Now I am a little slave,
Made to wipe your pen."

The negro has gained 75 per cent. in property during the last decade, while the average gain has been only 50 per cent.

"Do typewriters cost much, Mr. Scrivner?" asked Mr. Conveyancer.

"Well," answered Scrivner, "I find that a pretty one is very dear."

There is a growing demand for fine hand work, but machine stitching must always prevail in the lower-priced articles.

Feather-stitching prevails on everything and is equally popular on silks, cashmeres and washable fabrics. Hitherto this has been entirely done by hand, being paid for at the rate of 5 cents per yard. There is a newly-patented machine for feather-stitching, but it is quite expensive, and after it is purchased a yearly royalty has to be paid for its use. Germany has hitherto furnished all the ready-made feather-stitching; this is executed on narrow bias bands, and is much used on low-priced garments, the bands being stitched on.

The light-weight French flannels are much in vogue at this season, and such is the popularity of this fabric that manufacturers of children's cloaks and garments find it difficult to fill their orders.

Illuminated China silks, pongees, Shanghais, surahs and the Habutai wash silks are all used in making up the little cloaks and gowns.

Cashmere and plain and Jacquard camel's hair come next, cashmere being almost exclusively used for children's long cloaks.

Vandykes are seen both on children's cloaks and ladies' underwear, although many manufacturers fear these trimmings will prove to be only a passing freak of fashion.

St. Quentin embroidery, which is open and has a fine looped edge, is one of the latest things, and embroidered medallions applied on lace are again seen.

The Battenberg cloak of coachman's drab, with loose lapel-front and big smoked-pearl buttons, is a stylish little garment. It has the new Bedouin sleeve, which is loosely puffed, and the puffs separated by bands of hussar-velvet.

A reefer of marine-blue and white stockinet is just the thing for a young girl to throw over her white dress.

The regulation coat has a loose, double-breasted front with velvet pockets and officers' stars on the collar.

A Connemara cloak, with a buttoned under bodice, is a capital idea for children, being an English novelty.

The new Turkish cloak is of plaided camel's hair, with loose front and coat back. There is a long over-sleeve, beneath which is a coat sleeve for use in cold weather. When less warmth is desirable the sleeve is simply turned under, and falls beneath the plaitings of the full flowing sleeve.

For wee tots nothing is more charming than the simple little coats of China silk in white or pale colors, either figured or plain. Those of illuminated pongee are among the newest things shown.

Very jaunty is a little jacket of plaid rough-faced camel's hair with corded edge.

For a smaller girl a yoke is formed of crossed white woolen braid, which is very pretty and striking. The cloak is of Jacquard camel's hair in shaded tans, with three double box plaits in the back and front, held in shirrs. These are full-raised sleeves and cuffs and collar of golden-brown velvet. This is for a girl of about 8 years.

A striking garment is of heliotrope soutaine cloth, with a yoke of dahlia velvet, overlaid with black Vandyke passementerie; the cloth is shirred on to the yoke, and there is a Bolero jacket of velvet over the blouse front.

Eiffel Tower points of white faille are elaborately embroidered and applied on white cashmere cloaks, while others are of silk, braided in soutache cord.

The blouse waist infant's cloak is new, and a relief from the ubiquitous yoke.

The Gretchen waist seems to enjoy a perennial popularity, as most of the small children's garments are made in this style.

A delicious little example is a coat of wild-rose surah, with full sleeves, the wide cavalier collar and cuffs being of Vandyke Irish lace.

Cute little coats of amazone cloth have short waists, covered with capes, formed of three pinked collars.

A more ornate style has a yoke outlined by a fringe ruche, the same trimming on the fronts and edges.

A little garment of white Japanese silk is trimmed with lace and relieved by a feather stitching of pale green.

Plaids are still fashionable, but in very soft shades of color. In fancy woolen materials they are chiefly employed for traveling costumes or children's frocks. In surah they form very pretty walking toilets. The shades preferred are light browns and dullish greens, relieved by streaks of white, red or golden-brown.

Fancy stripes are also fashionable, both in woolen and silk materials, but the novelty of the season consists in the pretty chines of light fancy woolens, such as muslin-de-laine, woolen gauze, and chilienne, which is a new name for barege. The chine pattern is in mixed colors, over a light colored ground, cream, ivory, pale gold or rose color. Gowns of this style are made very simply, the skirt plaited in panels, surplice fashion, at the sides, in full double plaits at the back, and almost plain in front, but they require an underskirt of glance silk or foulard of one of the colors of the pattern. The bodice is generally made of plaited and crossed fronts, showing a small peaked plastron of silk in the middle. The sleeves have puffed out epauletes fastened with a bracelet of ribbon, and finished with silk at the wristband.

Plain fabrics are, on the other hand, made up with jacket bodice, close fitting, with five seams at the back, and coming down a few inches below the waist, with a small peak in front and at the back. Sleeves puffed up at the shoulders and tight at the wrists. The back of the skirt is often made of some other material, arranged in straight plaits all the way down, and slightly trained, while sides and front form plain panels, frequently trimmed with braiding or passamenterie. Sometimes the trimming is merely put on around the skirt front.

A handsome garment of this kind is of oak-brown cashmere and faille. The back of the skirt is of plaited faille, the front and sides of the cashmere, with a trimming of passementarie and fringe on each side edging the front of the skirt. The jacket bodice is of cashmere with collar and cuffs of silk and a trimming of passementarie over the back and fronts, simulating a short Spanish jacket.

Nothing is more refined for an elderly matron's best gown than a black armure or a gray faille, trimmed with lace plaiting round the neck, sleeves, and down the front as a jabot. Sometimes the basque is left plain, and either a black or white lace scarf draped to form a loose plastron, with lace to correspond basted in the sleeve. The pansy shades, in vogue once more, are charming on women past their middle bloom as well as their first freshness.

A charming afternoon gown is of porcelaine surah, having an almost plain front, two box-plaits in each side and a gathered back, with a border of black velvet all round the front of the skirt behind a row of black lace vandykes pointed up. Down the center of each plait run two rows of lace, with the points meeting in the center, and on the straight edges are bands on velvet two inches wide. The round bodice is without darts, and gathered in the middle, front and back of the waist line. Leg-o-mutton sleeves; collar of velvet, with vandykes set around, pointing downward like a yoke.

Sarah Bernhardt, apart from the sensation created by her rendering of the character of Lena in "As In a Looking Glass," has, with the handsome toilets she displays in this part, again given Paris something to talk about. She appears in the first act in a dress of sulphur yellow *peou de soie*. The blouse waist has an arrangement in white tulle, which below the waist is fastened with white satin bands ending in bows in front, the long, tight sleeves, scantily gauged, being edged with lace; white heue collarette, large white tulle hat, of which a falling ruffle of lace on the edge and bows of white satin ribbon and bouquet of cornflower form the trimming. In the second act she wears a Princess robe of Venetian guipure lace over green "Jeune pousse" satin. The front breadth is loosely draped and has revers of green crepe lisse. A toilette of cherry-red and white brocade, devant of white silk gauze and golden embroidery, with revers and bows of red velvet, enhance her charms in the third act; and in the fourth, though imbued with suicidal views, Lena has still some regard for appearances, and astonishes her audience in a princess wrapper on bronze pressed velvet designs on a white ground, bordered with white Thibet fur. The front, of white silk gauze, is drawn together at the waist with a handsomely chased and jeweled belt; long loose sleeves tightening at the waist.

JENNIE B. WARD.

Saying of Bismarck.

A French writer has made a collection of the sayings attributed to Bismarck, and some of them are queer enough:

"A Bavarian is something between an Autrichien and a man."

"If Austria has astonished the world by her ingratitude, England will astonish it by her cowardice."

"God made men after his own image, and Italians after that of Judas."

"The powers are generally represented by men of mark, but France is sometimes represented by marked men; queer fellows, who are really envoys extraordinary."

"It is easy to recognize the Embassador of France, because he never speaks the language of the country to which he is sent."

"Thiers a diplomatist! Pshaw, he wouldn't know how to sell a horse!"

Who Knows?

We give the following conumdrum to the railroad builders of the continent: Which will be first constructed, the through line which shall connect with the north and south roads of South America, or the Alaska line from the Canadian Pacific to connect by a short water route with the proposed Siberian line across Northeastern Asia?—*Albany Journal.*

SIGNALS OF SAVAGES.

HOW THEY COMMUNICATE BY SIGNS AT LONG DISTANCES.

The Power of the Little Glass—System of Signals Among the American Indians and Esquimau.

With two Esquimau hunters, says a writer in the *Cosmopolitan*, I was once standing upon the top of a rocky hill about two days' journey inland from the north shore of Hudson's Bay. We had been looking for reindeer, but had seen none. Already we had walked a long distance and crossed many hills en route, for it is the custom with the Esquimau, as with the Indians, to go over the top of a hill rather than around it. This is not only to have a fine outlook from an elevation, but because it is impossible to convince a savage that it is not a shorter route. It was about noon, and we were tired, so we stopped to rest a few minutes and to smoke a pipe. We had not been in the enjoyment of these luxuries long before I heard the faint sound of a human voice borne upon the stiff wind that was blowing from the northward. I called the attention of my companions to this sound, and, brushing their long black locks from over their ears, they threw themselves down in the lee of a great rock and listened. They, too, heard the voice, and said the person calling was so far off that they could not understand what he said.

In the meantime I swept the crest of a range of hills in the direction of the voice with my field glass, and finally made out the figure of some one who was waving what looked like a huge piece of cloth. I passed the glass to Sebeeucktalee, one of my guides, and he at once recognized a hunter named Aluktay, and said he signaled us to come over where he was; that there were reindeer there. The hills did not appear far off, but it was a full hour before we reached the man who had signaled to us to come. He then told us that there were plenty of reindeer beyond that line of hills, and that his tent and that of two other hunters were pitched within easy reach of the hunting grounds. He gave my two friends some raw venison, and to me, as an especial favor, a nice raw tongue, from which he first, very politely, bit off the hard outside skin. It was the first raw meat I had eaten; but, having fasted since the previous noon, I had too keen an appetite to be particular about trifles. During this little luncheon Aluktay told of the quantity of reindeer near his camp and invited us to go over there with him. It was nearly dark when we reached the camp, and during the walk I had ample time to wonder how he had succeeded in informing my companions that there were reindeer around when too far away to be heard. I could understand that he might beckon to them to come to him, but the more I thought about it the more I was puzzled over the method of communicating the fact of there being good hunting grounds where he was.

The following day my guides, Sebeeucktalee and Koomana, went back to bring their tent and the old folks up to this new camp, and I went out to hunt with Aluktay. During that day he explained to me the Esquimau signal code. I found it very interesting at the time, and later on its usefulness was demonstrated almost daily during my residence with these people. Aluktay described to me that when an Esquimau wished to talk with those at a distance he would take a position on an eminence, where his body could be plainly seen against the sky or a snow-covered hillside. With his body placed so as to directly face those with whom he wishes to communicate, he extends his right arm and moves it up and down like a pump-handle. This signal means "Come here." When so far away that the motion of the arm could not be distinctly seen, he would take off his coat, and using that as a flag, make the same motion, which would thus be more conspicuous. It was with his coat that he made the signal when communicating with us the previous day. If after this he moved his left arm or the coat in a similar manner, but on the left side, he meant "Bring dogs." Then, by pointing both arms nearly straight up from the shoulder, as a rude symbol of the antlers of a reindeer, he would indicate that he had killed reindeer, and the number of times the arms were raised would denote the number killed, so that his friends would know how many dogs to bring. The reply to the message is made by the receiver turning his right side toward the sender and bending his body forward, making a right angle at the waist, which would mean "Yes;" in the opposite direction would mean "No," or that there was no one to send, or that there were no dogs around.

Once, when on a sledge journey from Marble Island, Hudson's Bay, to Depot Island, about 150 miles to the north, I was three or four days behind Lieutenant Schwatka, who was in charge of another party of our native allies. One day we came upon four blocks of snow placed upon each other so as to make a wide pillar, and upon this were set the head and antlers of a reindeer. This was interpreted to me by my guides as showing that Toolooah, Schwatka's hunter, had killed four reindeer there three days before. The number of blocks indicated the number killed and the number of days was apparent to my people by the condition of the snow. They knew it was Toolooah by the way the blocks were cut. I could have learned very easily how to read the symbol that four reindeer had been killed by somebody, but it would take a vast amount of experience to know by whom and the time that had elapsed. These savages can tell unmistakably and so, too, do they know from the condition as to the frost the length of time the snow has been cut. By touching the tracks of people or wild animals they can tell when they passed that way almost to an hour, if the tracks have been made within a day or two.

The Indians of the great western plains have now a system hardly exceeded in efficiency by the military code of the civilized world. For many years their only means of communication at a distance was by signal fires upon the hilltops at night and by columns of smoke during the day. They have a method, not well known to those outside the native tribes, of covering a fire until a sufficient quantity of smoke has been accumulated, when it will suddenly burst forth into a column of thick, heavy smoke that cannot fail to attract attention even at a great distance. These signal fires and smoke signals are still in use among them, but they have besides a code of signals that is telegraphed from point to point by sun flashes made with a small mirror. Their code is not known beyond their own ranks, further than that it is not a system of words, but that certain flashes of longer or shorter duration, or that vibrations intermingled with steady rays, signify conditions or events that it was previously arranged they should indicate. The Indian heliograph is the small, round mirror in a metal case, which has always been an article of trade with savages all over the world.

Every Indian hunter or warrior wears one of these little mirrors around his neck, and its use is constant with him. An officer of the army who recently was acting as Commissary of Subsistence on an Apache reservation, told me that on one occasion the stock cattle for issue to the Indians arrived unexpectedly, when he supposed that there were not more than ten Indians within twenty miles of the post except those around headquarters. These at once put their little heliographs to use, and responses were immediately flashed from the neighboring hilltops and repeated to those beyond. The result was that within three hours there were more than 2,500 Indians at the point of issue, and others were still coming in hot haste from every direction across the plains.

SAID IN FUN.

Alaska ought to be a good place to pop the question. It sounds so much like "I'll ask her."

It is almost time for Congress to adjourn. The other circuses are getting ready to start out.

"Is she not passing fair?" remarked our humorous editor in the street car as the girl on his left handed him five cents to put in the box.

Briggs—"I did not see you at church last Sunday."

Braggs—"No; I didn't get in till you had gone to sleep."

Kate Field doesn't seem to understand why "some of our Congressmen sit on their spines." They are thus given an opportunity to "get their backs up."

Wibble—"What a sordid, unsatisfying thing it is for a man to devote his whole life to the mere pursuit of wealth!" Wabble—"Especially if he doesn't get it."

When night is stepping from the scene
'Tis then that nature, viewing
Her daily task with thoughtful mein,
Says, "I'll be up and dewing."

Neighbor—"Why do you wish your husband to join a lodge or a club?" Wife—"It will make me happier." "In what way?" "By giving me something to complain of."

In the next world there will be plenty of time for us to spend in wondering how it happens that the world which we have left manages to get along so comfortably without us.

"See the capitalists riding along in their fine carriages!" yelled a socialist speaker. "Where, I ask you, are our carriages?" "S'loonkeepr's drivin' mine," responded a red-nosed reformer of society.

A Western cyclone seems capable of destroying everything about a building save the mortgage thereon. If it could only lift the latter as easily as it does a roof, it would possess one redeeming feature to the Westerner.

"I wonder if people will know each other in the next world," asked Cadbury.

"I question it very much," answered Ratbone, "for I have noticed that after people get up a little they are not too fond of recognizing you here."

Servant (at sweet girl's boudoir)—"Mr. Nicefellow is in the parlor, miss."

Sweet girl (throwing down a novel)—"Horrors! And my hair is all down! Tell him he'll have to wait a little as I'm in the kitchen helping mother."

Merchant, angrily to a lady who insists on beating him down in price—"Why, madame, I am really making you a present of the goods." Lady—"All right, then, I will take it; but be sure you send it to the house before two o'clock."

"That is a spirited battle-scene of yours. What do you call it?"

"The Charge."

"You ought to paint a companion piece showing all those fellows dead on the field and mark it "Paid."

Emperor Wilhelm—"Say, Bismarck, what was the longest tennis game on record? Do you know?"

Bismarck—"Give it up, Willie."

Wilhelm—"Go and read your Bible, man, and you will find that Jacob served seven years for Rachel."

Bismarck resigned next day.

Father—"I hope you are doing well in the financial world, my son?"

Son—"Yes, father. I made $3,000 last year, but if I have good luck this year I shall make a cool $50,000."

Father—"You have great business ability, Jack. Is it a legitimate speculation?"

Son—"Oh, yes; Miss Hendricks is going to answer me to-night."

How often in the crowed car
You've risen to your feet
To give a woman who comes in
The comfort of a seat.
"Oh, no; I thak you," she protests,
"I'd really feel to blame;
I don't at all mind standing"—but
She takes it just the same.

The friend you ask to take a drink
Says alcohol's a curse;
It never does men any good,
And always makes them worse.
Men never know just when to quit;
'Tis really a shame.
He greatly disapproves it—but
He takes it just the same.

Gripp—"Well, doctor, did you succeed in breaking up Cable's fever?"

Young Doctor—"I would have done so in another week had I been given half a chance."

Gripp—"They didn't call in another doctor, did they?"

Young Doctor—"No; but this morning, just as I was noticing an improvement in Cable, he died."

"My friends," said Rev. Letus Hittemup, "the extent to which gambling is carried on in our town is alarming! For from my study I can look into a club-room across the street, and last night I saw a sight that made my blood run cold. There at a table sat four young men playing poker—for money! Yes, for money; I do not wonder that you shudder, brethren! Large stacks of money were before them, and, would you believe it? I actually saw one young man who ought to have known better, bet ten blue chips on a pair of kings!"

When the sunbeams break in sprays among the fluttering twigs and leaves;
When the merry birds lift up their heads to sing;
When there isn't any place on earth to hold a man who grieves;
When forgotten is each folly that bewitches and deceives—
Then it's spring.
When the dandelions blossom and the grass begins to thrive,
And you greet the kisses that the zephyrs fling;
When forgotten on the rainbow ends for which we vainly strive;
When it's satisfying just to sit and know that you're alive—
Then it's spring.

Wonderful Gun.

Paul Gifford, the original inventor of the Paris pneumatic post system, has made a pneumatic rifle, which is said to be a wonder. It is described this way: The weapon is much lighter than any of the army rifles now in use. It resembles the magazine gun in that a steel cartridge about a span and a half long and as thick as a man's thumb is attached to the barrel by means of a screw. The cartridge contains 300 shots, which can be discharged as rapidly or slowly as a man desires. At a recent trial the ball traveled with wonderful accuracy and penetrated deep into the wall of the shooting-room. As soon as one cartridge is emptied of its 300 shots another can be screwed on the gun in the twinkling of an eye. Mr. Gifford says that the 300 shots in a cartridge can be produced at a cost of about three pence. The gun itself can be manufactured for about $5.

Never Forget.

That the enemy of man is man.

That the fairest flowers fade the soonest.

That knowledge leaves no room for chances.

That pride is never so offensive as when in chains.

That a sealskin sacque does not always keep the heart warm.

That when men are lonely they stoop to any companionship.

The darkest cloud often contains the most fruitful showers.

That an open enemy is to be respected, a secret one to be suspected.

That the pure worship of a pure heart is an inspiration and a song.

That there may be loyalty without love, but never love without loyalty.

A milk-white deer was shot recently near Mt. Katahdin, in Maine.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

LILIAN RUSSELL AND THE BEAUTIES OF THE CASINO.

Orchestral Concerts and Pianists—Opera Bouffe—Emma Abbott's Wealth—Art in Stage Setting.

Rosalind May, the regular New York correspondent of the SUNDAY UNION, writes as follows in regard to amusements at the metropolis:

"That New York and the country at large can support both German and Italian opera is settled beyond question by the enthusiasm with which the latter has been received, vacant seats during the non-Patti nights being entirely due to very high prices. Patti is the one singer who can fill a house at a scale beginning at $7 per seat, but those who came on the off-nights represented a throng who would have pressed for admittance at German opera prices, and by their warm welcome to distinguished artists they proved their love of genuine song. The season has been memorable as affording marked progress in music and potent, therefore, in refining effect. Any art which can draw away Americans from absorption in money-getting may be set down as successful missionary effort. Equally encouraging has been the support given

ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS AND PIANISTS.

The celebrated Russian pianist, Vladimir de Pachman and his wife, Mme. Marguerite de Pachman, have had a flattering reception at Chickering Hall, which was packed to the doors on the occasion of their three concerts. Mme. de Pachman's unusual beauty winning approval before her skilled fingers touched the instrument. She is an Englishwoman, and to say that she nearly approaches as an artist her distinguished husband, is to accord her high praise. Dr. Von Bulow has not long departed, a return engagement of d'Albert and Sarasate may be expected, while little Otto Hegner again looms up and is announced for a performance next week. It is stated on good authority that in the entire history of that very successful place of amusement,

THE CASINO,

No presentation has aroused enthusiasm equal to that now accorded the 'Grand Duchess.' Scenic effect, of course, has much to do with such happy result, and Aronson's well known liberality in this line is bringing in a rich reward. Chiefest of all, however, is an array of handsome women, with Lilian Russell, the incomparable, coming foremost. Neither is she a doll-like beauty, for her singing and acting are vivacious and appropriate, and no wonder, therefore, that at each performance the house is packed and seats ordered quite in advance. Despite present successes, however, signs of a waning season becomes each week more apparent, Daly's company have gone elsewhere and their placed is filled by that always popular actress, Rosina Vokes. 'Shenandoah' will next week give place at Proctor's Theater to Robson in 'The Henrietta,' and delightful 'Aunt Jack' at the Madison Squarge will bid good bye shortly to the metropolis.

"The small boy's soul is full to overflowing by 'the greatest show on earth' at One Hundred and Tenth street and Fifth avenue. This is a significant sign of uptown advance and the exhibition is announced by the colossal Barnum as that which electrified Europe."

EMMA ABBOTT'S WEALTH.

Few American songstresses, says a New York paper, can prove the substantial success that is the lot of Emma Abbott. She is an example of the pluck and perseverance of the American girl. At the age of eighteen she was a soprano in Dr. Chapin's church in New York, and known to the communicants as a very pleasing singer. She was ambitious to succeed as a concert singer, and an operatic future she had never believed possible; but, through the interest of friends, she was induced to go to Paris and complete her studies. She was even at that time the betrothed wife of Eugene Wetherell. He urged her to accept the proposition, and she went abroad and studied with such ardor that she inside of a year had completely lost her voice through overwork, but by careful medical attention she was enabled to regain her former vocal capabilities, and returned to this country, where she was introduced to C. D. Hess, and a coalition was formed by Wetherell, Hess and Miss Abbott to star the latter with the Hess English Opera Company. Last Saturday she walked into the Treasury Department at Washington with an ordinary package of brown paper, about eighteen inches thick, carried carelessly in her hand. General Rosecrans had one of the clerks examine the package and it was found to be $135,000 in Government four per cent. bonds. Miss Abbott had brought them to have them registered. This amount represents the partial profits of her stage career, and it is safe to say that no other prima donna can match Miss Abbott in wealth, with the exception of Adelina Patti.

STAGE DRESSING.

Said a prominent tragedian the other day: "I am not one of those who decry elaborate stage settings on the ground that they detract from the actor's art. I know that the idea is being advanced that people, in their admiration of the spectacular glory of a production, lose sight of its dramatic worth; in other words, they go to the theater to see the show and not to see and hear the actors. Now, I believe that nothing can be further from the real truth. I believe that good stage dressing and good acting should always go together. I am not afraid to put myself and my art against the scene painter and the stage carpenter at any time, and I am frank to declare my belief that anyone who is thus fearful has no call to walk the stage at all.

"What! Would you have us go back to the days of Shakespeare, when the setting of the stage was indicated by placards, as 'A Street in Venice,' 'Tomb of the Capulets,' 'Roman Forum,' etc., it being left to the imagination of the audience to furnish the scene? Now, you cannot convince me that the people could appreciate and enjoy the plays thus presented as thoroughly as though they had been shown in adequate setting. It is only begging the question to say that there is a happy medium that should be followed between this barrenness and the present elaboration of scenery. If the stage should be set at all, it should be set as completely and as perfectly as possible. That work cannot be overdone, provided it is artistically and truthfully done.

"I hold that the finest surroundings are an inspiration to the true actor. I always feel the influence that arises from good costumes, good scenery and good accessories, and say what you may, I believe that I am able to throw myself more completely into my part when I am thus encompassed than as though I were on an empty stage in a bare hall. And I believe—I know—that my audiences feel my acting more under such conditions and are more impressed by my individuality.

"Examples? There are plenty to support my argument. Do you not think that good stage settings would have enhanced the success of the Booth-Modjeska season? The people have tired of the barren stage upon which Mr. Booth appears year after year, and his art thereby loses in its force and in its drawing power. I know of no one on the stage today who stands more in need of elaborate stage settings to help his art and to increase his popularity.

"Then do you insist upon it that people will go to see the show regardless whether there is worthy acting or not in connection with it? It seems to me that all the gorgeousness of Mrs. Potter's 'Cleopatra' last season and all the archæological glory of Mr. Mansfield's 'Richard III.' this year failed to move the public to any great degree of admiration. The spectacular part of the show was there, but there was no power of acting, and the productions were dismal failures.

"On the contrary, look at the two most successful Shakespearean productions that the New York stage has known this season, the 'As You Like It,' at Daly's Theater, and by the Marie Wainwright company. In both instances there were handsome stage settings and admirable acting, a combination that won success prompt and pronounced, while the merely spectacular Shakespearean production went to the wall at once.

"I have yet to learn that Miss Rehan and Miss Wainwright and the members of their companies failed to receive adequate popular recognition of the dramatic worth of their several impersonations. The handsome manner in which their productions were put upon the stage did not seem to overshadow their own individual work.

"Instances of this kind might be cited almost beyond number to further show the truth of my proposition. They are not needed, however. But let me prophesy that you will see more elaboration in stage settings rather than less in the future, and that work of this kind will engage the attention of the best mechanics and the most accomplished artists in the community. Stage dressing will become a branch of the fine arts as much as painting and sculpture now are."

PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

Metal ties for railroads are proving very satisfactory.

An immense flume four and a half miles long is to be built at Spokane. The pipe is to be made of steel and will be twenty-two inches in diameter.

It is proposed to reduce cows' milk to a dry powder, as being better for transportation and superior to condensed milk. The idea originated in Switzerland.

French engineers propose ascending the Jungfrau by a succession of slanting roads, forming a zigzag to a hight of some 12,000 feet, landing nearly at the summit of the mountain.

There has lately been a plague of locusts in the province of Gizele, Egypt. In five days the authorities destroyed six tons of them. Exposure to the sun is said to be fatal to their eggs.

Experiments with the 25,000 candle-power search lamps show that vessels three miles off can readily be detected, and that by throwing the light on the clouds, signaling is possible at a distance of fifty miles.

Sending pictures by telegraph is one of the latest inventions. The salient points of the picture are established by a previously agreed upon system or co-ordinates, and the details are filled by the descriptive words added.

A very ingenious electrical device has lately been patented, by which the hands of a clock set to a certain hour are made to complete an electric current connected with the kitchen stove so that the fire is started when the given hour arrives.

A rare phenomena is reported from St. Malo. Recently during the afternoon, between 4 and 5 o'clock, three suns were seen all in a row a little above the western horizon. The real sun, which was in the center, shone with unwonted brilliancy, while from its supporters darted rays of prismatic colors.

The Paris Academy is in receipt of information relating to prehistoric remains found in southern France. Two skulls have recently been dug up bearing every evidence of belonging to the Aryan race, and some human bones that from their proportions must have belonged to a man ten feet in hight.

In London specimens of Mexican dry moss were shown before the Botanical Society that were green and flourishing, although they had been shut up for three months in a dry place. These plants are said to have the power of rolling up in a ball when dry and becoming apparently dead, only to bloom again, however, when exposed to moisture.

A singular case of "mind blindness" recently occurred, the subject being a man of eighty who had complained for a month of inability to find his way about, to tell his own position in a room, and to recognize objects, although his perception to light was scarcely impaired. Although he could not recognize objects by looking at them, he at once perceived and named them by means of tactile or auditory impressions from them.

His Faith Returned.

"Look a-here," he said, as he approached officer Button at the Third-street depot the other day, "have you any faith left in human nature?"

"Very little, sir," was the prompt reply.

"You look upon most people as dead-beats and sharpers?"

"I do."

"Beat you if they can?"

"They will. They'd steal my teeth if they weren't solid in the jaw."

"You have lent money once or twice, I presume?"

"I have, sir."

"And never got it back?"

"Never."

"Well, I've got to tackle you just the same," continued the man. "D'ye see that woman with the red bow?"

"Yes."

"She's my bride; married last week; came in on our bridal tour. We toured too long for the size of my wallet, and now I lack just 4 cents of enough to buy our tickets home."

"Only 4 cents!"

"That's all. If any feller in Michigan can plan a bridal tour closer than that I'd like to meet him."

"So would I. Here's a quarter, sir, and that will give you 21 cents for peanuts and apples on the train. Car is now ready, sir, and there's the ticket office. Go home and be good and happy."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Dog Story.

They were telling dog stories yesterday in the Agricultural Department, and after Walter de Wolf had narrated some of the remarkable instances of his dog's wonderful intelligence, Will Henderson began talking.

"The father of De Wolf's dog," he said, "is nearly the most intelligent animal I ever saw. Why he can almost talk. I used to give him a quarter every morning, and he took it in his mouth way into town, and would wait at the butcher's until they gave him his meat and 15 cents change to bring back. One day the butcher thought he would play a joke, and he gave that dog back 10 cents change instead of 15. Sadly the dog looked at the two nickels for a minute, then he went out. Five minuts later he returned leading a policeman by the end of his coat. Now that is a dog worth ——"

But the room was empty.

A Bad Case.

Backward, turn backward, O time in your flight. Give me the nose that I breathed through last night! Bring back the smeller that two days ago, Knew not the torment of continual blow. Wipe from my mustache the moisture of sneeze, Put wooden splints on my poor, weakened knees, Rub my red nose as you have before, With tallow, dear mother; oh, it is so sore. Backward, flow backward, O tide of the nose, I am so tired from my head to my toes; Tired out with mopping and coughing and sneezing. Weary from handkerchiefs constantly seizing; I have grown weary of sniffle and snuff, Of wiping my bugle until it is rough. Stick my head in a big pillow-slip, And sew it up, mother, I have "la grippe."—*Atchison Globe.*

IN RELIGION'S REALM.

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO MINISTERS AND LAYMEN.

Expressions of Opinion by Newspapers Representing the Various Denominations, on Many Subjects.

The *Freeman's Journal* (R. C.) says: "The American State can recognize no religion as such; but at the same time it has pledged itself not to oppress any persons because of their religious beliefs. So long, then, as it discriminates against Catholics and conscientious Protestants by forcing them to pay taxes for the support of schools they cannot use, the State obviously fails in its profession. Nor is the remedy to be found in making the schools worse than they are. It lies before us plain and simple. It is the perfection of the public system by the admission of voluntary schools, which would assume their place therein with the greatest ease and facility, and thus complete a noble institution in itself."

"The following letter," says the *Christian Secretary* (Baptist), "came to a well-known minister lately. The reply sent was that an angel from heaven was needed to fill the bill of requirements. We omit names and places:

"*My Dear Sir:* The first church of —— will soon be without a pastor, the Rev. —— having resigned to go to Boston. He has had good success during his year and a half here, following ing the Rev. ——. Our congregations are very large, and about forty have recently united with the church. We think that we require, to succeed him, a man having similar gifts as a preacher, great fluency, free delivery without manuscript, and marked ability as a natural orator. We should like to know if the Rev —— is such a man, and have been informed that you can tell us all about him. We not only want all this, but more—that he be an excellent pastor, sound upon the temperance question, interested in the Sabbath-school and the young people, ready to lead in all benevolent activities, and generally to be in all things an ideal minister. If you will kindly tell us wherein he falls short of satisfying all these requirements, we shall then perhaps be able to decide if he is likely to please our people. Mr. —— has been so heartily commended to us that we are already prejudiced in his favor, and he will have precedence as a candidate, and indorsement of the committee if we get a satisfactory report upon all these points.

"CHAIRMAN OF OUTLOOK COMMITTEE."

The *John Bull* (London) says: "An American Roman Catholic has a remarkable article in an American magazine, in which he tells the story of a gray-headed priest who was present at a dinner of Roman Catholic clergymen, presided over by Cardinal Gibbons. Ten of those present were foreigners by birth or of immediate foreign extraction. Two only were genuine Americans. Of these two the priest in question was one, and he, being rallied by his fellow-American on the fact that younger men were promoted over his head, remarked: 'I am not Irish enough.' The narrator of this story goes on to say that in the United States of America there are thirteen Archbishops and sixty Bishops, only three of the former and ten of the latter being genuine Americans. And yet he remarks that this is the United States of America, not Ireland, not Italy, not France, not Spain, not Holland; and he rightly concludes that this is the reason why Roman Catholics are taunted with being foreign, un-American and unpatriotic. In Ireland all the Bishops and Archbishops are Irish. In France all the Bishops and Archbishops are French; and so it goes everywhere, in every country under the sun, except in the United States of America—the Bishops and Archbishops are the sons of the country in which they live. This American Catholic further calls attention to the fact that the Jesuits who did all the hard missionary work for the first half century for the establishment of the American hierarchy were French, not Irish. There is a moral in what this American Catholic says, and it is not far beneath the surface."

The Rev. Dr. Rainsford of St. George's, says in the *Churchman:* "The advantages of pew churches are obvious. Among them may be enumerated a regular income; renting the pews is certainly the easiest way to raise it; experience has proved this. The officers of the church know what the income will be, and can shape their expenditure accordingly; and a regular income means a load of care lifted from the minds of pastor and vestry. The rented pew also provides full recognition for the family; and if in these too busy times some members of it are late in arriving at the place of worship, they still can be assured of comfortable seats, in the same place and beside those they know and desire to worship with. Another and very important advantage is the facility it affords to the pastor to keep a correct list of the names and addresses of his people. Changes are quickly known, if coming to the church or leaving the church means the renting or the giving up of a piece of property; and in a city like New York, where the changes among the population are bewilderingly frequent, this is a great help to parish work. On the whole, I think it may be said that the most natural church for a business community to form is the pew church as we find it to-day. But to my mind, there is a very serious question whether such an organization has the right to call itself a Christian church. It certainly has resulted in putting the rich people together in one church, and the poor, when they are collected together at all, in another; and after all that can be said in its favor is said, the chief argument for it is, that it is the only practical way to carry on an unendowed church, and this I distinctly believe to be a mistake."

The *Churchman* says: "We read in one of the secular papers the account of the reception of an honored Methodist doctor of divinity into the Baptist fold. The learned doctor conducted the services, preached, generally manifested himself as a Christian minister, and then came down from the pulpit and committed himself to the care of the pastor of the Baptist congregation where he was officiating, and then was duly and reverently immersed. According to the tenor of his sermon, he was represented as declaring immersion to be the only valid mode of baptism. This means to the ordinary understanding of the church that he was then and there admitted to the Christian community. Previous to that he was a heathen, at best a catechumen or a postulant. We see no possible exit from the dilemma here suggested. Either immersion is not admission by baptism, or a man can be a fully qualified minister without being duly dipped. It can hardly be supposed that immersion made valid, not only his membership, but his order also, the doctorate in divinity included, and that these were existing qualities, real but technically defective, which the water in the tank cured and brought into wholesome activity. In that case the immersion should have preceded the long and short prayer, the Scripture reading, the giving out of the hymn and the discourse. These gifts, it seemed, needed no immersion—not even the D. D. which adorned them. The only thing that needed to be 'buried in baptism' was the individual person to whom they were attached. It seems to us, with all deference to the excellent body of which the doctor is now a shining light, that immersion appears somewhat in the light of a ceremony, and a ceremony in which the apparent needlessness is in exact proportion to the zeal with which it is required."

The *Churchman* (P. E.), says: "Is there not something pitiful in the often inarticulate but virtually universal cry of men for 'the Christianity of Christ?' Is there not something terribly suggestive in the charge that workingmen make against churches in general, that they profess to follow Christ and do not follow him? Is there not something strange in the fact that in this age Jesus is honored with passionate devotion and his personal teaching accepted with passionate conviction by thousands of person whose misconceptions of Christianity keep them apart from Christ's church? So powerful is the mere phrase of 'the Christianity of Christ,' that it is in danger of degenerating into cant. The cant may be made to cover unreality, as all cant does, but it is only truth, and accepted truth, that is capable of such perversion, and the truth of that phrase is that among all unlearned Christ is personally honored and revered, and his teachings reverenced as they never were before. What does it mean that John Stuart Mills confessed that the ethics of Jesus can not elsewhere be equaled? What does it mean when Herbert Spencer affirms that the 'ultimate ethics' of humanity will be those of Jesus, rationally understood? What does it mean when Felix Alder declares that when Christians live up to their religion there will be no need of lectures on 'ethical culture'? What does it mean when Prince Bismarck asks for social well-being nothing more than Christianity without phrases? What does it mean when we find that every man, the agnostic and the skeptic as well as the Christian, who speaks on any subject whatsoever, speaks with double confidence and satisfaction when he finds that he can quote some saying of our Lord in support of his opinion? It all means this, at least, that the mind of this generation is turned to Christ and is intelligently open to him as that of no previous generation ever was. It means this, at least, that the mind of this present generation is in much the same attitude as that of Christ's first hearers. The people of this generation is 'a people prepared for the Lord.' That it is not dogmatic in its tendencies proves nothing to the contrary, for neither were the people who first heard him."

The Rev. George T. Rider says in the *Living Church* (P. E): "Time was, and not so very long ago, when artistic and esthetic tests alone prevailed in the organization and constitution of church choirs, particularly for important churches in the larger cities. There was a dearth of accomplished organists and choir-masters. The half-secular spirit of the prevailing music demanded soloists of exceptional accomplishment, not often found among amateurs. Music committees restricted their inquiries pretty much to the questions of digital and pedal dexterities; to skill and grace in accompaniment; to the artistic effects down stairs among the pews. It is pretty much *vox et preterea nihil*, in the inquest for soloists. Those were the days of curtained choir-galleries, within and behind which, if we may credit the veracious chroniclers, many a tedious, long-winded sermon was beguiled by quiet games of cards, while behind the organ in the choir-room 'spirits,' both red and white and of various potencies, responded not infrequently to the open seasame of the initiated. It seems never to have occurred to those early churchmen that church music had anything to do with religion and personal devoutness and reverence, and the music mostly in vogue did not make any very special appeals to the spiritual and churchly resources of the organ-lot. 'When the Swallows Homeward Fly,' and 'The Last Greeting,' and 'Les Deux Anges' of Blumenthal, and the grand aria from 'Der Freischutz,' were purely in the range of concert-room business; and so were the frisky and tra-la-la adaptions for our canticles, and anthems from Mozart, Donizetti, Rossini and other renaissance composers, savoring rather of the opera house than of the Lord's house. The great Catholic revival directly and indirectly changed all that, and brought a fresh and new access of reverence and churchliness in public worship. The Lord's house became recognized as indeed and truth the Lord's house. Timidly and very cautiously the weeds and unseemliness of the great Puritan invasion were sloughed off, and choir and chancel met together in the decency, order and the spiritual and choral beauty of holiness. Tipsy organists, free and easy-going soloists, together with surreptitious 'cards,' and 'flasks,' and 'private stores' were got rid of, with their trumpery repertoires of voluptuous impieties, and a clean, sweet, start was made on nigher and holier lines. The principle was conceded that church services must have religious music, and that the only proper and competent interpreters of true church music must needs be religious persons; and it is generally felt that an irreligious, disreputable organist or choir would be as offensive and scandalous a solecism as the tippling parsons of old Hanoverian times in the mother church."

Rev. Julius H. Ward, in the *North American Review*, says: "Every denomination has its wise leaders, who are trusted and followed because they are able to speak by the event and carry the rank and file with them. You can think of these men, and can trace their hand-prints in in our ecclesiastical history as you can trace the furrow of a plow through a large field. Francis Wayland left such an impression upon the Baptist body; William Ellery Channing had such a guidance of the earlier Unitarians; Jonathan Edwards for one generation, and William E. Park for a later one, led the Congregationalists like a flock of sheep; John Carrol first organized the Roman Catholic body in Maryland; Francis Asbury set in order the Methodist household when his preachers lived on horseback; William Penn made the Pennsylvania Quakers a unique Christian sect; the Hodges have set their mark in this century upon the Presbyterian body, and among Churchmen there have been at least two Bishops who have stood head and shoulders above others of their order in the ability to organize and develop a diocese into vigorous and expansive life—John Henry Hobart and Alonzo Potter. These natural leaders can neither be commanded when they seem to be most needed, nor can they be grown at will. They come and they go, but it is the mark of wisdom in ordinary affairs that they shall be selected, whenever it is possible, to take the control of their fellow-men and to guide them in public affairs. It matters not whether the episcopate is clearly traced in the records called the New Testament or not; the important fact to be noted is that the moment you begin to find anything like historical facts pertaining to Christianity, you discover that Bishops have the leadership in the Christian church, and that the endeavor everywhere seems to have been in the earliest days to select the best man among the clergy for this important apostolic office. The period in which we are now living, and the community in which the Catholic faith is to be extended, are not favorable to that type of Christianity which, for the sake of distinction, we call historical. It is true that if the Roman and Anglican population are taken together, historical Christianity has numbers in its favor; but if you take account of the elements which at the hour are most active in our religious world, it is Protestantism of evangelical or Puritan type which now controls North America, and is likely to control it for a long time yet to come. It is still the purpose of Americans, as it was two and a half centuries ago the purpose of our forefathers, to found a church without a bishop, as well as a State without a King. The American bishop of to-day does not differ in his title, in his functions, or in his authority from his Episcopal brother of the first five Christian centuries; but his place is in the life of to-day, and unless he takes account of the element which are around him, and knows how to organize public opinion and found institutions and repair the leakages of society, he may be an excellent functionary, but he is also practically a cipher in the Christian world."

The costliest horse barn in the world belongs to D. E. Crouse and is located at Syracuse, N. Y. It has now cost the owner, a millionaire horseman, something like $700,000. Incidental expenses will make the stable cost little short of a round million.

THE SUNDAY UNION.

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Weather Forecasts for To-day.

California — Fair weather; westerly winds; stationary temperature along the coast; slightly cooler in the interior.

Oregon and Washington—Fair weather; westerly winds; cooler.

IT is not creditable to the loyalty of the American people to the matrimonial vow, that adultery stands second as most frequently pleaded for divorce in this country.

THE editor of the Santa Ana *Standard* announces his intention of attending the next session of the Central and Northern California Press Association "as a secessionist and State divisionist." Let Editor Baker take notice that the Press Association has no time to waste upon such silly and suicidal questions as State division.

THE Albany *Journal* expresses the opinion that the Pope's denunciation of cremation will prove "a serious setback" to that method of disposing of the dead. Not so. It may prevent most Catholics from accepting the proofs of the wisdom and sanitary benefits of the practice of incineration for a time; but the present Pope is not long for this world, and it may be that his successor will look forward instead of backward, and arrive at the truth concerning cremation. If he does, the approval of the church will be given. This is not the first or the second, but the twentieth time and more, that the church has stood up against the advance of science, the revelations of discovery and the march of ideas. But sooner or later, as the truth proves itself, the church swings into line with it. So it will be in the case of cremation, which, in less than half a century, will be the most approved of all methods for the disposal of the dead, because it is the simplest, least revolting and most conserves the well being of the living.

DISARMAMENT is again being discussed in Europe. The chief thing to prevent it is the fear that the nations entertain of each other. Richelieu, says an Eastern critic, ordered all men moving in the streets to be disarmed. There arose at once a protest that to go unarmed would be unsafe; but the shrewd Cardinal replied that if all were disarmed all would be placed on an equality, and have no more reason to fear than before. History tells us very emphatically what resulted, and certainly it was not evil. Now, if the Pope, or any other influence, can prevail upon three or four of the great Powers to disarm, but to fly to arms if any one assailed either of them, or any one violated the compact to refrain from enrolling men, it is probable that disarmament might be accomplished. But no influence will succeed in bringing the nations of Europe to such an agreement, we fear. They will oppose it, because they believe that they cannot afford to overload the industrial ranks by returning the soldiery to the civil walks. Still, since both France and Germany have agreed to consider the subject, European disarmament may not be wholly chimerical.

THE forestry question is now assuming the importance that it deserves, and is receiving the attention that it merits. The bill of Mr. Dunnell to withdraw all government forest lands from sale and entry, and to provide for their care and management by a competent commission, is the measure prepared by the American Forestry Association, and is understood to be in line with the recommendation of the Secretary of the Interior, upon which the RECORD-UNION commented approvingly some time ago. There is every reason to believe that the people are now becoming aware of the importance to them not only of preserving the timber lands to prevent too rapid exhaustion of the timber supply, but to conserve the preservation of the streams, the equability of climate and the healthful tone of the atmosphere. Related to these questions are the possibilities of irrigation, which must be dependent upon living streams, which in turn must be fed from slopes well wooded, in order that the capacity of the soil to retain moisture may be preserved. These facts the people now understand as they did not so well before the present debate of the forestry question was taken up by the press of the country.

SINCE the renewal of the discussion of the exclusion of the Chinese has begun, the Eastern press has demonstrated that it occupies a far more conservative position on the subject than it did three years ago, or indeed last year. Here now is the Albany (N. Y.) *Journal* of a recent date declaring that—

> The Chinese Government cares no more for what is done with its vagrant and degraded population in America than it cares for what becomes of them at home. The fact remains that the great majority of immigrants from China to this country are not only undesirable, but positively harmful to good morals and honest practices.

It adds that its research has convinced it that the number of Chinese in America who become thoroughly Americanized or Christianized can be counted on one's two hands, "while the number who by their influence have become degraded and debauched, and the number of others who are constantly subjected to their temptations, is multiplied by this a hundred-fold." The *Journal* holds that the United States should ask no favors of the Chinese which it is not willing to accord; that while it is true that Americans who go to China carry wealth and civilization with them, and add value to the social conditions there, it is not true that such is the rule with Chinese who come here. It adds that the Chinese consider the whole earth theirs, and that wherever, or in most cases, where they have come in so as to outnumber the people of a country or a section, they have supplanted the previous conditions. The *Journal* cannot be charged with having been anti-Chinese heretofore or that it has been the subject of prejudices. What it now announces is conviction resulting from observation and study of the subject, free from conditions that in California have had the effect of embittering the public mind against the unrestricted immigration of the Chinese.

A NEWSPAPER CRITICISM.

H. Elton Smith, in the *Overland Monthly* for May, discourses of modern journalism. He starts out with the assumption that newspaper men have a standard of their own for judging things that does not always correspond with that of the public. We cannot understand how Mr. Smith justifies such a conclusion. As the successful journal is that which most nearly reflects public opinion, its standards of judgment must be those most generally accepted by the public as true standards.

His second charge is that the journalist comes into touch with the public thought, or rather with his readers, only through the imperfect medium of the business office. In this Mr. Smith is again in error. The newspaper that feels the public pulse only by putting its finger upon the counting-room, is a very poor apology for a journal. The skilled journalist has a score of mediums for ascertaining the thoughts of his readers. One of these is his reportorial force; another is the reflection of the daily news; another his correspondence; still another is his personal communication with men; others are the voice of the pulpit, the bar and the public forum, and so on through a long list, not the least of which is the aggregation of his country exchanges—the heads of which, of all in journalism, are brought most directly and intimately into association with the people of the vicinage, and who, of all journalists, most directly reflect the sentiments of their clientage.

From his inaccurate premises Mr. Smith concludes that the newspaper man does not see things as they impress every day humanity. Thus, he declares that the newspaper man looks upon an item of news as important in proportion to its opportunities for a sensation. "A hanging is not for him an expiation of a wrong against society, but a column-and-a-half sensation; a cyclone is not a disaster rendered tragic by the destruction of life and property, but 'a four-head story.'"

In the name of the prophet where did the *Overland* discover H. Elton Smith, and in what schools of reading and observation has Mr. Smith been trained? In the statement we have quoted he would have readers believe that modern journalists are devoid of human sympathy and are little short of thugs and cannibals. That he has a perverted and absurdly false notion of journalism is undeniable—he reveals it beyond question.

It is very true that a good deal of news publication takes on the color of the handler of the news on the paper, but not more than news reflects the bias of any who retail it. We must take human nature as it is, not as it should be. So long as it is imperfect, so long will the newspaper be defective. But that there is less of sympathy, human kindness and benevolence among newspaper people than others is not true.

The scheme of the sensational journalist to paint all reports in vivid colors, to seek for and dilate upon scandalous news, and to feed a perverted and vicious taste for "racy" reading, the *Overland's* critic very properly anathematizes. No decent journal defends such practices, but that such news literature should be taken as the gauge and standard of modern journalism as a whole is no more just than it would be to measure the literature of the world by the condemned books, or hold it amenable for the vicious prints that even the rigor of law cannot wholly suppress.

There is, as Mr. Smith charges, obscene journalism, just as there are obscene poets and writers of bawdy books. That the fictitious element enters into journalism as it does into most other modern activities is true; that newspapers are bought to do base service is as true as that men are purchased to serve evil. But to say that these are the chief characteristics of modern journalism, as Mr. Smith must be understood to imply by the tone of his sweeping and unqualified criticism, is to confess to inability to discriminate and to fairly and dispassionately pass judgment.

The mammoth Sunday paper comes in for a good share of denunciation, and not without much reason. It is a bulky affair, in which the minimum of news is buried in a mass of indifferent matter for the most part. But where there is one corpulent Sunday paper, pustulent with silly and often vicious matter, there are scores of newspapers that do not need to be handled with the tongs or to pass quarantine in the study of the head of the house before admitted to the family circle. Where there is one sensational and demoralizing sheet, there are scores of self-respecting and clean journals, and these are the measures by which the merits of modern journalism are to be ascertained. It would be another world than this if, while all other human institutions have defects and are shamed by the misconception of duty and the viciousness of some, modern journalism should in all its representatives be found perfect.

In one criticism by Mr. Smith, however, we find a pearl of wisdom—that "opinions a newspaper should have, and they should emenate from the editorial department, not from the business office"—a truth no experienced newspaper man of honest purpose for a moment doubts.

The "Sunday Union" at Folsom.

Arrangements have been made by this office whereby the SUNDAY UNION will hereafter be delivered in Folsom on Sundays nearly as early as on week days. The papers will be taken to Folsom on Sundays by a special carrier, as no trains run on that road on that day. The service will commence to-day. This will no doubt be welcome news to the people of Folsom, as the UNION will be the only paper arriving there on Sundays.

The Baobab Tree.

One of the most extraordinary of African trees is that known as the boabab. It is almost a forest in itself, and serves as a complete sylvan palace on the largest scale. Rarely growing more than seventy feet high, the branches extend horizontally, supported by a trunk which has a girth greater, it is believed, than that of any other known tree. One of these extraordinary trees was found on measurement to be forty feet in diameter. The age of another, counting the concentric rings, was found to be 5,000 years at the very least.

HAPPINESS.

It was tea time, before the appearance of the lamps. The villa commanded the sea. The sun, which had disappeared, had left the sky all rosy from his passing—rubbed, as it were, with gold dust, and the Mediterranean, without a ripple, without a shudder, smooth, still shining under the dying day, seemed like a huge and polished metal plate.

Far off to the right the jagged mountains outlined their black profile on the paled purple of the West.

We talked of love, we discussed that old subject, we said again the things which we had said already very often. The sweet melancholy of the twilight made our words slower, caused a tenderness to waver in our souls; and that word "love," which came back ceaselessly, now pronounced by a strong man's voice, now uttered by the frail-toned sweet voice of woman, seemed to fill the little salon, to flutter there like a bird, to hover there like a spirit.

"Can one remain in love for years in succession?"

"Yes," maintained some.

"No," affirmed others.

We distinguished cases, we established limitations, we excited examples; and all, men and women, filled with rising and troubling memories, which they could not quote, and which mounted to their lips, seemed moved, and talked of that common, sovereign thing, the tender and mysterious union of two beings, with a profound emotion and an ardent interest.

But all of a sudden some one, whose eyes had been fixed upon the distance, cried out:

"Oh, look down there! What is it?"

On the sea, at the bottom of the horizon, loomed up a mass, gray, enormous and confused.

The women had risen from their seats, and without understanding, looked at this surprising thing which they had never seen before.

Some one said:

"It is Corsica! You see it so two or three times a year, in certain exceptional conditions of the atmosphere, when the air is perfectly clear, and it is not concealed by those heavy mists of sea-fog which always vail the distances."

We distinguish vaguely the mountain ridges; we thought we recognized the snow of their summits. And everyone remained surprised, troubled, almost terrified, by this sudden apparition of a world, by this phantom risen from the sea. Maybe that those who, like Columbus, went away across undiscovered oceans, had such strange visions as this.

Then said an old gentleman who had not yet spoken:

"See here, I knew in that island which raises itself before us, as if in person to answer what we said, and to recall to me a singular memoir—I knew an admirable case of love which was true; of love which, improbably enough, was happy. Here it is:

"Five years ago I made a journey to Corsica. That savage island is more unknown and more distant from us than America, even though you see it sometimes from the very coasts of France, as we have to-day.

"Imagine a world which is still chaos. Imagine a storm of mountains separated by narrow ravines where torrents roll; not a single plain, but immense waves of granite, and giant undulations of earth covered with brushwood or with high forests of chestnut trees and pines. It is a virgin soil, uncultivated desert, although you sometimes make out a village, like a heap of rocks, on the summit of a mountain. No culture, no industries, no art. One never meets here with a morsel of carved wood, or a bit of sculptured stone, never the least reminder that the ancestors of those people had any taste, whether rude or refined, for gracious and beautiful things. It is this which strikes you the most in their superb and hard country; their indifference to that search for seductive forms which is called art.

"Italy, where every palace, full of masterpieces, is a masterpiece itself; Italy, where marble, wood, bronze, iron metal and precious stones attest man's genius, where the smallest old things which lie about in the ancient houses reveal that divine care for grace—Italy is for us the sacred country we love, because she shows us and proves to us the struggle, the grandeur, the power and the triumph of the intelligence which it creates.

"And, face to face with her, the savage Corsica has remained exactly as in her earliest days. A man lives there in his rude house, indifferent to everything which does not concern his own bare existence or his family feuds. And he has retained the vices and the virtues of savage races; he is violent, malignant, sanguinary, without a thought of remorse, but also hospitable, generous, devoted, simple, opening his door to passers-by and giving freely of his faithful friendship in return for the least sign of human sympathy.

"So for a month I had been wandering over this magnificent island with the sensation that I was at the end of the world. No more inns, no taverns, no roads. You gain by mule paths hamlets hanging up, as it were, on a mountain side, and commanding tortuous abysses whence of an evening you hear rising the steady sound, the dull and deep voice of the torrent. You knock at the doors of the houses. You ask a shelter for the night and something to live on till the morrow. And you sit down to the humble board and you sleep under the humble roof, and in the morning you press the extended hand of your host, who has guided you as far as the outskirts of the village.

"Now, one night after ten hours' walking, I reached the bottom of a narrow valley which was about to throw itself into the sea a league further on. The two steep slopes of the mountain, covered with brush, fallen rocks and great trees, shut in this lamentably sad ravine like two somber walls.

"Around the cottage were some vines, a little garden, and, further off, several large chestnut trees—enough to live on; in fact, a fortune for this poor country.

"The woman who received me was cold, severe and neat—exceptionably so. The man, seated on a straw chair near the door, rose to salute me, then sat down again without saying a word. His companion said to me:

"'Excuse him, monsieur, he is deaf now. He is over 82 years old.'

"She spoke the French of France. I was surprised. I asked her:

"'You are not of Corsica?'

"She answered:

"'No; we are from the continent. But we have lived here now fifty years.'

"A feeling of anguish and of fear seized me at the thought of those fifty years passed in this gloomy hole, so far from the cities were human beings dwell. An old shepherd returned and we began to eat the only dish there was for dinner, a thick soup in which potatoes, lard and cabbage had been boiled together.

"When the short repast was finished I went and sat down by the door, my heart pinched by the melancholy of the mournful landscape, wrung by that distress which sometimes seizes travelers on certain sad evenings in certain desolate places. It seems that everything is near its ending—existence, and the universe itself. You perceive sharply the dreadful misery of life, the terrible isolation of everyone, the nothingness of all things, and the black loneliness of the heart which nurses itself and deceives itself with dreams until the very hour of death.

"The old woman rejoined me, and, tortured by that curiosity which ever lives hidden at the bottom of the most resigned of souls, she said:

"'So you come from France?'

"'Yes; I'm traveling for pleasure.'

"'You are from Paris, perhaps?'

"'No, I am from Nancy.'

"It seemed that an extraordinary emotion agitated her. How I saw, or rather felt it, I do not know.

"She repeated in a slow voice:

"'You are from Nancy?'"

"The man appeared in the door, impassible, like all the deaf. She resumed:

"'It don't make any differenc. He can't hear.'

"Then at the end of several seconds:

"'So you know people at Nancy?'

"'Oh, yes, nearly everybody.'

"'The family of Saint-Allaize?'

"'Yes, very well; they are friends of my father.'

"'What are you called?'

"I told her my name. She regarded me fixedly, then said, in that low voice which is roused by memories:

"'Yes, yes, I remember well. And the Brisemares, what has become of them?'

"'They are all dead.'

"'Ah! And the Sirmonts, do you know them?'

"'Yes; the last of the family is a General.'

"Then she said, trembling with emotion, with anguish, with I do not know what, feeling confused, powerful and holy, with I do not know how great a need to confess, to tell all, to talk of those things which she has kept shut in the bottom of her heart, and to speak of whose name distracted her soul:

"'Yes, Henri de Sirmont. I know him well. He is my brother.'

"And I lifted my eyes at her, aghast with surprise. And all of a sudden my memory of it came back.

"It had caused once a great scandal among the nobility of Lorraine. A young girl, beautiful and rich, Suzanne de Sirmont, had run away with an under officer in the regiment of hussars commanded by her father.

"He was a handsome fellow, the son of a peasant, but he carried his blue dolman very well, this soldier who had captivated his Colonel's daughter. She had seen him, noticed him, fallen in love with him, doubtless while watching the squadrons filing by.

"But how she had got speech of him, how they managed to see one another, to hear from one another, how she had dared to let him understand she loved him—that was never known.

"Nothing was divined, nothing suspected. One night when the soldier had just finished his time of service, they disappeared together. Her people looked for them in vain. They never received tidings, and they considered her as dead.

"So I found her in this sinister valley. Then in my turn I took up the word.

"'Yes, I remember. You are Mlle. Suzanne.'

"She made the sign 'yes' with her head. Tears fell from her eyes. Then with a look, showing me the old man motionless, on the threshold of his hut, she said:

"'That is he.'

"'And I understand that she loved him yet, that she still saw him with her bewitched eyes. I asked:

"'Have you at least been happy?'

"She answered with a voice from her heart.

"'Oh, yes! very happy. He made me very happy. I have never regretted.'

"I looked at her, sad, surprised, astonished by the strength of love! That rich young woman had followed this man, this peasant. She had become herself a peasant woman. She had made for herself a life without charm, without luxury, without delicacy of any kind she had stooped to simple customs. And she loved him yet. She had become the wife of a rustic, in a cap, in a cloth skirt. Seated on a straw-bottomed chair, she ate from an earthenware dish, at a wooden table, a soup of potatoes and of cabbage with lard. She slept on a mattress by his side.

"She had never thought of anything but him. She had never regretted the jewels or her fine dresses, nor the elegancies of life, nor the perfumed warmth of the chambers hung with tapestry, nor the softness of the down beds where the body sinks in for repose. She had never had need of anything but him; provided he was there she desired nothing.

"Still young, she had abandoned life and the world and those who had brought her up, and who had loved her. She had come, alone with him, into this savage valley. And he had been everything to her, all that one desires, all that one dreams of, all that one hopes for without end. He had filled her life with happiness from the one end to the other.

"She could not have been more happy. And all the night listening to the hoarse breathing of the old soldier stretched on his pallet beside her who had followed him so far, I thought of this strange and simple adventure, of his happiness so complete, and so true, made of so very little.

"And I went away at sunrise, after having pressed the hands of that aged pair."

The story teller was silent. A woman said:

"All the same she had ideas which were too easily satisfied, needs which were too primitive, requirements too simple. She could only have been a fool."

Another said, in a low, slow and tender voice, "What matter! She was happy."

And down there, at the end of the horizon, Corsica was sinking into the night, returning gently into the sea, blotting out her great shadow which had appeared as if in person to tell the story of those two humble lovers who were sheltered by her coasts.

PROMINENT PEOPLE.

One of the members of the editorial staff of the London *Times* is W. M. Fullerton, a Harvard man of the class of '86.

The wife of Count Tolstoi, the Russian novelist, is a handsome woman, forty-six years of age, and the mother of thirteen children.

The Mojave Chief, Slow-Boat, who is on his way to Washington, is 70 years of age, and has never before been out of Arizona Territory.

Thomas H. Savery, owner of John Brown's fort at Harper's Ferry, says that the fort will probably soon be sold to a Chicago syndicate.

The French titles of the late Duc de Montpensier pass to his grandson, Prince Ferdinand d'Orleans, the younger son of the Comte de Paris.

Professor William Hyde Appleton has declined to accept the Presidency of Swathmore College, to which position he was recently elected.

Lord and Lady Rosebery now live in London in the Berkeley Square house made famous for many years by the brilliant parties of Lady Jersey.

Lady Butler, better known as Elizabeth Thompson, the painter of milinery subjects, has gone to Egypt to join her husband, who is on duty there.

Elizabeth Storrs Billings Mead, widow of the Rev. Dr. Mead, and cousin of the Rev. Dr. Storrs, has been formally elected President of Holyoke College.

Justice Lamar, of the Supreme Court of the United States, will deliver an address at the commencement of the Boston University Law School on June 4th.

Viscount Hampden, ex-Speaker of the British House of Commons, has gone into trade as a retail dealer in provisions. His eggs and his butter are all stamped with a coronet and a letter "H."

The late Armand Augustin de Pontmartin was for years the oldest contributor to the *Gazette de France*, the oldest newspaper in Paris. He had been associated with Sainte-Beuve, Blanche, Balzac, George Sand and Zola.

Bismarck in his private capacity carries on the business of distiller, paper-maker and farmer, and has recently added that of brick-maker, having established a large brick-yard near Lauenberg, where a fine bed of clay exists.

Professor Brooks, Director of the Smith Observatory, has been awarded the medal of the Astronomical Society of the Pacific for his discovery of the comet now in the eastern heavens. This medal is the first one awarded by this Society.

Andrew Lang is pictured as tall, spare and dark, with a fine forehead, dark eyes, and a massive jaw. His hair is thin and is streaked with white. He is very nervous, and does not look robust. He has the Oxford drawl and an irritating laugh.

Joaquin Miller is a spare-built, sharp-featured man of weird appearance, with a broad, bald forehead, and suffers his tangled mane of hair to fall carelessly on his shoulders. He affects a semi-clerical style of get-up, and says abrupt things in a hollow voice.

Isaac Pitman, of phonographic fame, is over 78 years of age, but is still in active professional work. He presides over the Phonetic Institute at Bath, England; supervises a large correspondence, edits a newspaper and compiles and publishes many books.

Charles Emory Smith will astonish the Russians at the court of St. Petersburg by abstaining from the use of intoxicating drinks. Mr. Smith is not a Prohibitionist, but he has not tasted wine for many years. At public banquets he turns his glasses down when the wine is passed.

Miss Florence Firmstone, daughter of a Winchester (England) clergyman, has cleared her father's church of a debt of £900 by soliciting shilling subscriptions from people in all parts of the country by mail. She wrote personal letters in all cases, and the magnitude of the task will be appreciated when it is remembered 18,000 successful letters had to be written.

General Lewis A. Grant, the new Assistant Secretary of War, is best know to the Vermont veterans as "Aunt Libby," a name he gained from a private in the regiment he commanded, says the Springfield *Republican*. General Grant had ordered him punished for drunkenness, when he remarked: "Colonel, you remind me of my Aunt Libby," and the nickname became general throughout the brigade.

Browning drank port wine by preference, and he has been known to say that claret was a drink for women, port for men. His robustness of nature expressed itself sometimes in an intolerance of whatever he thought less robust than his own. What he liked when dining out was to find a decanter of port at his plate, and in houses where he dined often and his tastes were known the decanter was always there.

[Written for the SUNDAY UNION.]

THE DISTRICT SCHOOL.

Does man or woman live to-day
Who, travel-worn on life's high way,
Pauses nor looks with tender yearning
Back on that edifice of learning,
Mother of discipline and rule,
Time-worn but honored district school?

* * * * * * *

My eyes grow dim as comes to me
The memory of my boyhood's days,
My home! the ancient chestnut tree!
'Neath which our games and childish plays,
In every phase of childish sport
Took place upon the garden plot.

Summer and winter without fail
Mittens, mufflers and dinner pail,
In coldest weather through ice and snow,
And in summer where banks of blue-bells grow
We trudged two miles to the wooded knoll,
Behind which stood the district school.

Unconscious alike of paint or brush,
Its only adornment the sumach bush,
Which softly caressed the window pane,
Its perfumed blossoms peeping in
All through the long bright summer day,
Watching the children at work or play.

Within, the floor, worn rough by feet
Ever repassing from class to seat,
Where the jack-knives too artistic grace,
Untiring the owner's initials trace;
And the master with head in wisdom bent
Peering over his specs on the school intent.

Or often in restless mood would pace
Backward and forward from place to place;
Ferule in hand and a searching look,
For the curly head behind that book,
Belonged to a mischievous lad, I trow
You knew him, it was little Joe.

Joe Harper, the merriest lad in town,
Or country side for miles around,
And he led the master a merry dance;
No fear had he of that awesome glance,
Whose too gratuitous distribution
Threw the rest of us into such confusion!

When I shut my eyes I can see it now!
In the second seat in the second row—
That round head, glistening over with curls
The admiration of all the girls,
For Joe was only turned eleven,
And looked like a cherub dropped from Heaven.

I well remember one sunny day
When three select men and Parson Grey
On a trip of inspection came to school,
Bristling with questions, figures and rule.
Not one of them noticed little Joe
Looking so wise and quiet too!

School was called and with stiffest bow
Arranged precisely, all in a row,
The boys their "company manners" made
The girls dropped curtseys sedate and staid;
But Joe just pulled the sunny curls
On his forehead white, and winked at the girls.

You could mischief see in his twinkling eye,
"Something would come of it by and by."
It showed in the very turn of the head
That always most of our mischief led,
I thought to myself, as I saw him look
At the Parson over the top of his book.

Now Nathaniel Grey was a man who knew
More than parson e'er knew before.
He was willing to tell you all about it too,
Provided you did not vote him a bore
And let him relate to Parson Grey
Anything further he had to say.

It was softly whispered by some in town—
No one could say exactly who—
That, though possessed by some renown,
His style for our people was quite "too new,"
And, although a fluent speaker in "class,"
Still Parson Grey was—"such an ass!"

It finally reached the district school
Where he but little favor bore,
For neither birch limb nor ferule
Had succeeded in squelching the class before,
When Ben Hatch some remark on the parson made,
And illustrating drew a donkey's head

Looking with grimace from reading desk,
With ears enormously over-drawn!
The slate was passed to all the rest
Till the scholars, always ready for fun,
Burst into a laugh that the rafters shook
Not heeding the master's scorching look.

But that had passed with the winter term
And now the parson with heavy tread
And a look which he meant to be very firm,
With the three select men, marched to the head
Of the school room and near the window sat,
And near by on a stool he placed his hat.

Arranged in rows on either side
The class in spelling had been "spelled out."
Miranda Smart, as usual, cried
When missing she took her place at the foot.
The boys on the seats along the wall
Had forcibly fired a paper ball—

Which wad of paper misaimed, had flown
And struck Deacon Weatherbee's bald old crown,
But no one knew whence the missile came,
Though the deacon stormed and the girls cried "shame"
As innocent all as a flock of rooks,
All deeply engaged on their copy books.

But the crowning event of the day took place
When the master announced that Parson Grey
Would address the school. His sternest face
For our benefit he wore that day;
But who could tell what Joe was thinking
As he sat with blue eyes all a blinking?

With "hem" and "haw" to his feet he rose
And stepped to the front before us all.
From the crown of his head to his very toes,
A man with a soul both mean and small.
Six feet of man to one inch of soul
Never'll count for much on the heavenly scroll.

"My little man," he growled at last,
To the smallest boy on the foremost bench,
And round the room his eyes he cast
As if a mutiny to quench,
"Tell me; speak up now if you can—
Tell me correctly who I am."

With open mouth and staring eyes,
In terror far too great for speech,
This babe of boyhood loudly cries
In haste the open door to reach,
Where safe from fear of Parson Grey.
He gives himself a holiday.

Chagrined at this result in truth
And much put out with little Sam,
Again (referring to his cloth),
He asks "Who'll tell us what I am?"
But ere the class one word could say,
Long, loud and clear a mighty bray
Resounded through the startled room
Like no thing less than crack of doom.

A hush like death fell o'er the school
As, red with anger, Parson Grey
Snatched his hat from off the stool,
Hurriedly beat his homeward way,
Then a smothered laugh fell on the ear
That small reassurance gave I fear.

The master angrily searched the place;
The scholars assisted with a vim,
Each one was eager in the race
The first approving word to win.
In less than a moment each one knew
From what strange source that long note blew

Tied 'neath the open window, stood
A hungry and disgusted Jack,
Who thus deprived of drink or food,
Had keen reminders of the lack,
And anxious, called to be released,
As pangs of hunger fast increased.

Whose hand had tied the hungry brute
With keen aforesight tethered here,
Just where his loud and long-drawn note
Should greet the parson's startled ear?
Not one among them seemed to know—
The master frantic what to do.

Joe said, with fun in every line
And curve, about his rosy mouth,
"I have not seen a single sign
Of boys around, and that's the truth."
And could the rogue himself behold?
Surely he'd not a falsehood told!

The master threatened, stormed and tore
And shook his ferule back and forth,
If none confessed he soundly swore
The class should feel the ferule's worth.
The three select men finally
Agreed to drop it quietly.

'Twould sound so badly noised about
That Parson Grey'd been put to rout,
And from the school-house driven home
By that brave solitary tone.
Some would declare it served him well;
What all would say no one could tell.

But after all, it would leak out,
'Twas all the town could talk about.
Then some one said that Parson Grey
Quite suddenly was called away.
A brother sick 'twas understood,
But his departure proved "for good."

* * * * * * * *

Long years of care have furrowed deep
The lines of trouble on my face;
And in their last and longest sleep,
Many have found a resting place.
Schoolmates and friends of long ago
Have slept for years beneath the snow.

And Joe? Ah yes! his laughing eyes
And sunny curls for fifty years
Have fairer grown in Paradise,
Even now my eyes grow wet with tears.
Dear merry-hearted little lad!
His loving heart was always glad.

Yes, fifty years have passed since then;
We have grown old and grey my friend.
Our school days are the "olden time,"
Sacred to poetry and rhyme;
And things long past the different rule
And customs, of the "District school."

DORA BURNS.

Sacramento, April 23, 1890.

"For some time past I have noticed a party of boys, ranging from 10 to 14 years of age, who haunt the alley back of the Metropolitan," said a gentleman to the reporter the other day as they rode out K street, "and I have noticed that almost every evening they are under the influence of liquor. I didn't pay much attention to them at first, but when I found that it was a nightly occurrence with them, I began to wonder where they got the liquor. Thinking that I might earn the thanks of the boys' parents, as well as the community at large, by discovering the guilty saloon-keeper, I resolved to investigate."

"What did you learn?" asked the reporter.

"I learned that they were about as sharp a set of boys as I ever heard of. The saloon-keeper could hardly be blamed for doing as he did. I watched the youngsters Friday night. They were cavorting and cutting didos in the alley, and finally one of them—the youngest, apparently, in the party—shouted out: 'Say, fellies, le's have 'nuther booze, hey? I'm gettin' dry.' The others agreed with a cheer, and one of them said: 'Here, I got ten cents; put in your tenner, Patsy, and that'll pull ther four schooners.' The money was handed over then to a third youngster whom the others called 'Brick,' and the latter went out onto Fourth street and entered a saloon. I followed in right after him. He slapped the two dimes on the bar and gave his order, 'Four schooners, in a hurry!' The barkeeper filled the glasses promptly, and, as he handed them over to the kid said: 'Those actors seem to be stuck on big glasses, don't they?' The boy grinned and replied, 'Oh, yes; I guess they gets purty dry a singin' and actin'. They all likes a beer between acts.' The saloon man innocently added that he guessed so, too; and out the boy went. I followed again, and saw the quartet down those four schooners with evident gusto."

"But that saloon-keeper is guilty, just the same," suggested the reporter.

"Well, maybe so; in a technical sense. He won't sell them any more, though. After I had witnessed the operations in the alley that night, I went back to the saloon and had a talk with the proprietor. He was surprised and indignant when he learned that those kids had played him. He told me, though, that he had sold a great deal of liquor in the same manner, believing that it had gone to the theater, and it never occurred to him that anything was wrong. He promised that the next time a boy came in to work the theater dodge he'd get kicked out."

"You look sleepy this morning, Jones. What's the matter?"

"Oh, a confounded tomale man took up his station at the corner above my house, last night, and sang his doleful song nearly all night. It was enough to wake the dead. I yelled at him a dozen times to try another corner, but it had no effect. I tell you, sir, there ought to be a law against allowing those fellows to make the night hideous. You never hear one of them yell in San Francisco. Not much. The police would drop onto them in a minute. Down there the tomale man is content with a lantern and a sign. It ought to be the same here."

"Right you are."

"I tell you our Governor is well up in the history of California," said a prominent official, whose office is in the Capitol, last evening, to a friend whom he had met in a blue car.

"Yes? I didn't know that."

"Oh, yes, indeed. I was just out to the Pioneer reception which took place in the Assembly Chamber. The Governor made a speech. In it he inserted some history. He told the visiting New England Pioneers how the Truckee river got its name. He said that in early days there was a mining camp near the river, and an old Indian used to pack off garbage from the camp and dump it in the river. The miners called the garbage 'truck,' but the Indian called it 'truckee.' Then everybody called the river 'Truckee.'"

"That's the first time I ever heard that," said the official's friend. "I wonder if Historian Win Davis knows that."

BACKWOODS BELLES.

The Shingle Shanty One Gets Off Some Good Hits.

EDS. RECORD-UNION: Last evening Jack and I went for a row upon the lake. I was at the oars and he sat dreamily watching the crimson and purple glow settle down into a duskiness over the water. At last he said:

"Duckey" (we're engaged now, so he calls me pet names), "Duckey, do you know that there is a little craft following in the wake of your boat?"

I looked, but saw nothing. He then said:

"If you imitate a thing, do'nt you consider it worthy of your recognition?"

I told him not to talk in puzzles to me, because I was not educated like him. He gave me a loving glance and said that I was fit to be a queen, if I hadn't taught school. Then he told me that some girl by the name of C. C. was trying to write letters just like mine in the SUNDAY UNION, and that was what he meant by following in the wake. I replied:

"I don't mind," and he shrugged his shoulders and said:

"Let her tow. Every vessel is not a self-propeller."

I knew that he had paid me a compliment. The only thing that riled me was for her to say that Jack was her beau. Why, he has sworn by the "sun-kissed waves of Clear Lake;" by the "cloud-capped cone of Konocti;" and by "McGinty," that I am eternally his; and Jack is too grand to even deceive a woman. We're just waiting till pa's Lake county mine is developed and I am a little more cultivated. Ma has done so well lately with her butter and eggs that I'm taking painting lessons. Just think of all the years that I have wasted milking cows and weeding the garden, and did not know that I was a natural-born artist! You never saw so many born artists in your life as there are in Lakeport.

First, we all paint "Uncle Sam." (That's the grand *e pluribus unum* mountain across the lake.) Professor Highlight said he knew that my talent was sufficient to undertake Niagara Falls or the Madonna, but pa is fond of home-made scenery, so I finished "Uncle Sam," and he bought a heavy gilt frame for it, and ma marches everybody into the parlor and proudly says:

"I wish you to examine the work of our artist daughter."

I have the deer standing on three legs in the foreground, the sail-boat and patch of tules—all the requisites of the picture—and all toned the newest shade of green and latest patterns of clouds, with shrimp-pink sky and gendarme blue water. But somehow—I don't know—every time I look at it I feel queer and wish I had been born something else than an artist. Seraphna's is a little more striking than mine, because it has two sail-boats and a different complexion. Could nature protest, wouldn't she denounce such distortions and cosmetics from her divine face?

When you go to Rome, do as the Romans. We also have some inviolable customs here. Now, when you arrive, to the first one you meet you must say, "Howdy, Judge?" Next, "Hello, Colonel!" "How goes it, Captain?" "Take something, Major!" and so on *ad finitum*, for we are all titled up here: so don't, by any means, make a mistake and say plain "Mr." to anybody.

Another thing—don't forget your gum. If you don't chew you had better learn, for we are all graduates. If you stop to talk with a lady, keep your jaws going. If you go to an evening party your toilet is unfinished without your gum. On Sunday you must chew all the time of service, to keep the minister from getting lonesome. Lakeport has done a grand missionary work for the gum factories. Some of the houses here are stuccoed with ancient chews.

Last of all—don't forget to say "cute" to everything you see. If the first lady you meet tips the scales at three hundred, you must say—just loud enough for her to hear—"Isn't she kee ute?" We have cute mountains, men and minnows, cute wives and widows, and cute costumes and customs. A few evenings ago a party of us stood watching our beautiful, changeful lake. It then wore the placidity of a mirror, reflecting bold outline and gentle curve of crinkled hills; a crimson glory mantled sky and peak, and the soul was drifting outward, upward to the infinite, when Seraphina squeaked out, "Oh, isn't that sunset cute?"

Yesterday I received the sad news of Mr. Pompadour's death. As I live a right smart distance out in the suburbs, I could not go until to-day to express my heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved. There was crape on the door, and yards of crape hung upon the pictures, and everything was so somber and still. Mrs. Pompadour led me to the stylish casket, and with funeral pride sobbed: "Poor dear; doesn't he look cute?"

I was so overcome that I immersed my face in my handkerchief and sadly walked into the conservatory, meditating—not upon death in the midst of life, but upon the possibilities of the English language.

BACKWOODS BELLE.

SHINGLE SHANTY, Lakeport, April 19th.

ART NOTES.

The *N. Y. Tribune* says: All that we know of Millet tends to persuade us that the "Angelus" was painted in a spirit of absolute sincerity. French critics of Millet have assured us that the scene is impossible, since the bell-ringer, being a peasant laborer like the others, would not leave the field until all left together when it became too dark to work. But on the other hand, there is the fact that this scene has been witnessed in rural France, and that similar scenes are not unfamiliar in other Latin countries. So far as truth of facts is concerned, Millet, painting in an unsophisticated Barbizon of thirty years ago, was fully justified. Painting an actual scene, and a scene which represented a significant feature of rustic life, he cannot justly be accused of "posing," and a "descent into sentimalism," accusations which have been made by some of the latter-day French critics. In this picture Millet had an idea or sentiment to express, proper for expression in the terms of his art, and he has made the idea perfectly comprehensible. Thus far the picture is successful, but if we examine it candidly we must acknowledge that the design is of disproportionate consequence, that the coloring lacks richness and depth, and that, despite the labored, heavy impasto, the painting seems comparatively thin and cold in quality. Those who prefer sentiment to painting have perfect liberty of choice, but we cannot say too strongly that the two must not be confused. A picture of a pumpkin by Vollon is a far greater painting than a picture of a Madonna by Bouguereau. The very use of the word painting implies a demonstration of skill in the use of a particular medium, and we must judge the result by rules applicable to that medium's use. It is obvious that a balance must be struck between mere anecdotage and sentimentalism on the one side and extreme devotion to "art for art's sake" on the other.

Recently E. A. Abbey and Alfred Parsons held an exhibition in the galleries of a New York dealer of the drawings by them which have appeared in *Harper's Monthly* during the past three years. These drawings, contrary to the general belief, are the property of the artists and not of the magazine, the Harpers but buying the privilege of first publication only. Abbey and Parsons are each in their respective lines at the head of their profession. The former's income is not far from $20,000 per year, and Alfred Parsons must make nearly $15,000. Their arrangement with the Harpers is liberal to themselves and advantageous to the former. Abbey receives a "retainer" of $10,000 per year from the publishing house, an English custom which usually works very well. The conditions of this contract are that the artist shall submit at least three full page drawings each month and all his work in black and white for whatever purpose must be also submitted, the firm having first option of purchase. Abbey averages about six drawings, for which he receives from $100 to $300 each aside from his retainer. The Harpers publish the drawings and then return them to him. The orginals are then sold, bringing on an average of $150 each. If the matter is subsequently published in book form, as were Abbey's illustrations to "She Stoops to Conquer," the artist receives the usual author's royalties or owns the book copyright. It is stipulated in the contract that he may be at liberty to paint, exhibit, and sell pictures, not in black and white, without any encroaching on the publisher's rights, provided the latter is supplied with three drawings as agreed upon. Abbey's work in color is not good, but it sells. A hasty sketch of his which could not have taken any thought and but an afternoon's work sold recently in Chicago for $250, and it is safe to presume that there is an active demand for his oils elsewhere. Aside from this regular income he was said some time ago to have netted from his "She Stoops to Conquer" over $22,000.

At Americus, a few days ago, Ben Wheeler was boiling some eggs when he heard the chirping of a chicken. Looking he found a young chicken which had kicked out of its shell in the tepid water in which he had placed the eggs. He took it and carefully dried it and gave it food. It now is as lively as a cricket and promises to grow to maturity.

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SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.
PACIFIC SYSTEM.
March 30, 1890.
Trains LEAVE and are due to ARRIVE at SACRAMENTO.

LEAVE.	TRAINS RUN DAILY.	ARRIVE.
6:45 A	Calistoga and Napa	11:40 A
3:05 P	Calistoga and Napa	7:25 P
9:30 P	Ashland and Portland	6:20 A
7:05 P	Deming, El Paso and East	6:45 P
8:15 P	Knight's Landing	7:40 A
10:50 A	Los Angeles	9:55 A
8:00 P	Ogden and East — Second Class	6:25 P
12:01 A	Central Atlantic Express, For Ogden and East	6:00 A
2:00 P	Oroville	10:30 A
3:00 P	Red Bluff via Marysville	10:30 A
10:40 A	Redding via Willows	4:00 P
6:15 A	San Francisco via Benicia	7:25 P
3:05 P	San Francisco via Benicia	11:40 A
6:45 A	San Francisco via Benicia	9:10 P
*10:00 A	San Francisco via steamer	§6:00 A
10:50 A	San Francisco via Livermore	2:25 P
6:50 P	San Francisco via Benicia	11:40 P
10:50 A	San Jose	2:25 P
7:05 P	Santa Barbara	9:55 A
6:45 A	Santa Rosa	11:40 A
3:05 P	Santa Rosa	7:25 P
8:15 A	Stockton and Galt	6:45 P
7:05 P	Stockton and Galt	9:55 A
8:00 P	Truckee and Reno	6:25 P
12:01 A	Truckee and Reno	6:00 A
12:05 P	Colfax	10:20 A
6:45 A	Vallejo	11:40 P
3:05 P	Vallejo	†7:25 P
*12:15 P	Folsom & Placerv'le (mixed)	*10:25 A
*7:15 A	Folsom and Placerville	*2:40 P
*5:20 P	Folsom	*6:50 A

*Sunday excepted. †Sunday only. §Monday excepted. A.—For morning. P.—For afternoon.
A. N. TOWNE, General Manager.
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SALE OF BONDS.
Central Irrigation District, Colusa County, Cal.
NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN BY THE Board of Directors of Central Irrigation District that said Board will, at its office in the town of Maxwell, in the county of Colusa, in the State of California, on the
21st day of May,
In the year 1890, at 3 o'clock P. M. of said day, sell to the highest responsible bidder, for cash in gold coin of the United States, one thousand bonds of the said district, to the amount of five hundred thousand dollars, being part of an issue of bonds aggregating the sum of seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars: that sealed proposals for the purchase of said bonds will be received by said board till the day and hour aforesaid, at which time said board will open the proposals and award the purchase of said bonds to the highest responsible bidder, but said board reserves the right to reject all bids, and will in no event sell any of said bonds for less than 90 per cent. of the face value thereof. Said bonds are dated the first day of July, in the year 1888, and bear interest at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum, payable semi-annually; any interest accruing between said date and the date of the sale and delivery of said bonds shall be credited, before delivery, on the first maturing coupons attached to said bonds. Said bonds will be delivered to the successful bidder, and the money received therefor, at the District Treasurer's Office in the town of Maxwell, or at the Colusa County Bank in the town of Colusa, county and State aforesaid.
(Above bonds approved by Supreme Court.)
The Supreme Court has decided that Central Irrigation District was validly organized, and that its bonds were properly issued and are in the form required by law. See Central Irrigation District vs. R. De Lappe, 79 Cal., 351.
R. DE LAPPE,
Secretary of said Board.
Maxwell, Cal., April 7, 1890. ap9-td&Su

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NOTICE!
OFFICE OF INSURANCE COMMISSIONER, San Francisco, Cal., April 17, 1890.
To all whom it may concern: The Universal Marine Insurance Company Ld. of London, England, having this day surrendered its Certificate of Authority previously granted, thus withdrawing from business in this State, notice of such withdrawal is hereby given, pursuant to the requirements of Section 595 of the Political Code. Said company is no longer authorized to do business in this State. J. N. E. WILSON,
ap26-7t Insurance Commissioner.

ICE!
ON AND AFTER APRIL 1, 1890, THE Union Ice Company will supply PURE MOUNTAIN ICE at the following rates for the season: Families, One cent per pound; hotels restaurants and saloons, half-cent per pound wholesale, ton lots, $8 per ton.
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THIRTY YEARS AGO.

THE LANGFORD-ASHLAND FOUR-MILE RACE, IN 1860.

Some Exciting Turf Events—A Bit of Legislative History—W. C. Felch Shoots a Chicken Thief.

A season of racing was inaugurated at the Centerville course, near this city, on the 24th of April, 1860. The first day was devoted to a two-in-three mile race between Harry Peyton's Susie Hawkins and Jim Merritt's horse William Hood and M. Morrison's mare Kate Mitchell. Susie Hawkins won in two straight heatz, distancing the others on the second mile. Time, 1:25—1:53¾. On the following day Nathan Combs' celebrated horse Billy Cheatham, then recently from Kentucky, was to run a two-mile and repeat race against E. S. Lathrop's mare Bonnie Belle. This was to be Cheatham's first race in California, and one of the mare's admirers bet $200 to $300 that she would win in two straight heats. Cheatham, of course, was the favorite, owing to his Kentucky record. He readily won the first heat, under a pull, in 3:47½, and repeated in exactly the same time, not having been crowded during the race.

While Phil. Smith, Sheriff Douglas of Yolo county and a man named Kelly were returning from the track that afternoon in a light buggy, and while descending the gully near Sutter's Fort, their vehicle was upset and the horse ran against the pole of a heavy wagon going in the opposite direction and was killed. The horse was Frank Malone's $1,000 pacer, Billy Duncan.

The great event of the meeting was the four-mile-and-repeat race on the third day between Nathan Coombs' horse Ashland and E. S. Lathrop's horse Langford. Ashland was five years old, and by imported Glencoe, out of Mary Bell by Sea Gull, and Langford (four years) was by imported Belmont, out of Liz Givens by imported Langford. The histories of both horses are too well known by turfmen to warrant recapitulation here. The day was hot, but for all that not less than five thousand people were on hand to witness this, the greatest race ever run in the State up to that time. The stakes were $5,000 a side. Ashland had, the preceding year, beaten Owen Dale easily in a four-mile race, and was known to be a horse of great bottom; hence he had the call in the betting, although Langford had, in the fall of that year (1859), beaten him in a two-mile race at Napa. One bet of $950 to $450 was made on Ashland, and the excitement ran high as the horses came on the track. The judges were George F. Thomas, on behalf of Lathrop; Jerome C. Davis for Coombs, with Colonel A. J. Ellis as the third and disinterested judge. Colonel Gamble and J. P. Rynders were timers. Wilbur Pierce (weighing 100 pounds) rode Langford, and Johnny Williams (110 pounds) bestrode the Napa favorite.

In the first Langford led all the way. The first was made in 1:52, the second in 1:54, with Langford two lengths in the lead; the third in 1:57½, and the fourth in 2:00. Full time, 7:43¾.

After the first heat Langford had the call at $100 to $10, but before it was time to call up the horses for the second heat Mr. Coombs withdrew his horse, deeming it unwise to subject him to another punishing heat on such a hot day, with little or no prospect for him to win. Those who had laid such heavy odds on Ashland were, however, clamorous for another heat, claiming that Ashland would develop the better staying qualities and win. But his owner was obdurate, and the crowd left the track greatly disappointed, and some of them with lighter pockets than when they went out.

So great was the interest taken in the race that the members of the Legislature became excited over it, and when the Senate met on the 25th Mr. Wheeler moved that that body adjourn at noon to enable the members to attend the races and witness the great trial of equine speed. The motion was carried by a vote of 22 ayes to 10 noes; and this is probably the only instance on record wherein a legislative body adjourned for the express and acknowledged purpose of attending a horse-race. When the noon hour arrived in the Assembly, Mr. Conness moved that an adjournment be taken for the day, and it was carried almost unanimously.

.....The Assembly passed a resolution allowing $3 per day to the stenographic reporters of the daily press, in addition to what they were paid by the papers employing them. In an editorial on the subject the UNION said: "This we consider an extraordinary proceeding, unprecedented in legislative history. The moving cause was a desire to assist the *Standard* (a Democratic organ) in paying its reporters. But the reporters on the UNION were employed for the session, and have been paid their full weekly salaries, and we enter our protest against any appropriation to pay them for services for which they have been fully compensated, as a gross outrage upon us, as well as upon the State. Reporting for the UNION is an individual matter; we employ our own reporters, and do not thank the Assembly for placing us in a false and humiliating position by offering to pay reporters in our employ for work which they have done for us. The sum appropriated is $1,552. This is just the sum of which the Assembly proposes to rob the people to help support a partisan organ that is not able to pay competent men to compete with its rivals." The UNION's reporters were Charles A. Sumner (since a Congressman) and W. M. Cutter (recently a member of the Assembly from Yuba). The UNION's assault upon the proposition finally defeated it, whereupon its reporters laid down their pens and left the Assembly chamber, for which act they were severely scored by the paper.

.....A good story was published at the expense of J. G. Doll, of Red Bluff, and Jim Hawkins (who had been, even at that early period in the State's history, Sergeant-at-Arms of the Senate, as well as in later years). Doll, it appears, had a $20,000 interest in a claim before the Legislature, and in order to insure the passage of the bill he was advised by ex-Governor Latham to see Jim Hawkins, who was the leading lobbyist then at the Capital. Doll knew only one Hawkins (Cyril), who was Enrolling Clerk of the Senate, and went to him and handed over $250 to secure his valuable services in behalf of the bill, promising to double it if the claim should be allowed. The young Enrolling Clerk, who knew no more about lobbying than he did about preaching, pocketed the money and went on in the discharge of his work, paying no attention to the bill whatever, although he felt greatly flattered at the compliment to his talents implied by Doll's selection of him as a lobbyist. Jim Hawkins, the real lobbyist, who did the work, tried to get his namesake to divide with him, after the bill had passed and he learned what Doll had done with his "sack," but the astute young statesman refused to disgorge a nickel.

.....A somewhat sensational affair occurred on the night of April 23d. W. C. Felch, who resided on Sixth street, between E and F, had been greatly annoyed by the depredations of chicken thieves, and had rigged a bell in his bedroom, attached to which was a fine copper wire connecting with a spring, the movement of which, on opening the door of the hen-house, would ring the bell. About 4 o'clock on the morning mentioned he was aroused by the ringing of the bell, and picking up a shotgun loaded with large bird-shot slipped out the front door of his house and crept around to the rear. Seeing the form of a man within the chicken-house he turned loose the contents of his gun in that direction. There was a yell of pain, and Mr. Felch, satisfied he had shot a thief, called a neighbor, and they found a Chinaman lying on the ground groaning and took him to the city prison. He had been shot in the back. The next morning the chicken-thief was found hanging in his cell, he having committed suicide.

..... John Roberts, alias "San Juan Jack," a steamboat runner of disreputable history, attempted to murder a woman named Fannie Clark in a house on Third street, between K and L, on the 24th of April. He was arrested by officer Ben Martz, but the officer had to call assistance to get the prisoner to jail. After being placed in a cell he called Martz back to speak to him, and then assaulted him. Martz would have used him roughly but for Captain Taylor's interference.

.....In the examination of the classes in the High School that year the pupils who distinguished themselves in the higher branches were D. Alexander, J. W. Baldwin, C. Whitesides, C. B. Tilley, H. C. McCreary, J. I James, T. C. Edwards, M. P. Leaman, W. Chamberlain, L. Cheney, N. E. Jacobs, A. B. Mac, M. B. Mac. C. B. Upton, J. B. Upton, Miss Jennie Hill and Edward Cadwalader.

.....On the 26th of April, 1860, Senator Edgerton rose to a question of privilege in regard to criticisms that certain San Francisco papers had indulged in concerning his course on the bulkhead bill. His denunciation was so bitter that the UNION declined to publish his remarks, deeming them libelous under the law. The speech was a marvel of invective rhetoric and power.

.....In one of Rev. John A. Benton's letters from Jerusalem he described a visit to the Dead Sea and the river Jordan, where a band of roving Bedouins of the desert swooped down upon the party and plundered them of horses, clothing, eatables, etc. "The Holy Land," he wrote, "can never be a good land until there is an industrious rural population to own and keep it."

.....The bell now used in the new and beautiful Cathedral at Eleventh and K streets was placed in the belfry of St. Rose's Church, at the corner of Seventh and K streets, on the 26th day of April, 1860. It weighs 2 079 pounds, and was cast by Meneely at Troy, N. Y.

.....Alabaster cave, near Rattlesnake Bar, on the north fork of the American river, in Placer county, had just been discovered, and was attracting hundreds of visitors weekly. Although as beautiful as ever, the cave has now ceased to be a novelty.

.....Captain A. G. Morgan, who came to Sacramento in 1849, died at the Orleans Hotel on April 26, 1860. He had just been appointed by Governor Downey as Immigration Commissioner at San Francisco.

.....W. C. Felch received handsome notices in the press for a large painting of a tiger which he had presented to Engine Company No. 3. The painting was his own work.

.....The charges on some of the letters brought through to San Francisco by the first pony express ran as high as $50.

.....The horse Pacific trotted a mile at San Francisco on the 24th of April, against time, in 2:22¼.

FREEMAN TESTIFIES.

He Does Not Know How Feeney Met His Death.

The trial of Charles Freeman, charged with murder, was resumed yesterday morning.

Freeman immediately took the stand to testify in his own behalf. In answer to questions by his attorney, Charles N. Post, he gave a history of his life up to the day of Mark Feeney's death. On that day, he said, he and Archie Wilke were out hunting together, and as evening approached they returned to Antelope, where they had several drinks. They started for their cabin at 9:30 o'clock. Upon arriving at the creek Freeman forded it in order to make a short cut, and called to Wilke to follow. Wilke refused and a quarrel followed. They walked to the bridge together, quarreling all the way, and finally wound up in a fight, in which Wilke was badly worsted. They then returned to the cabin, and subsequently found Feeney's body in the water barrel.

"Now, Mr. Freeman," said attorney Post, "have you any knowledge of how Mark Feeney came to his death; or did you have any hand in putting him to death?"

"No, sir;" was Freeman's emphatic reply.

Assistant District Attorney A. J. Bruner then subjected Freeman to a most thorough and rigorous cross-examination. Under his fire Freeman admitted that he had complained frequently of Feeney because of the latter's affliction, and said that he told Mr. DeKay, their employer, that unless Feeney was discharged he would lose him (Freeman). Feeney coughed a great deal at night, and kept the others awake.

Mr. Bruner went over every portion of Freeman's testimony and questioned the defendant closely regarding every detail. Although Freeman wavered at some points, and showed his temper at others, as the rule he kept to his story and persisted that he had nothing to do with Feeney's death. Of course, his testimony was in direct contradiction to that of Wilke and the other witnesses.

When Freeman finished his testimony noon had arrived, so a recess was taken.

In the afternoon the defense proceeded to impeach the principal witness for the prosecution, Wilke, and a number of persons were placed on the witness stand who testified that his general reputation for truth, honesty and integrity was bad.

A young man named Wilson, who is "doing time" in the County Jail for petit larceny, also testified that about three weeks ago he heard Wilke—who was also held in jail—say that he "would hang Freeman if swearing would do it."

Attorney Post at this point announced that he had presented all of his testimony with the exception of that of a man who lived over in Yolo county, and who he had been unable to summon. It was important, he said, that this witness should testify, and he therefore asked for a continuance of the case until Monday.

One of the jurors who had a ticket to the races beamed lovingly upon Mr. Post.

Judge Van Fleet granted the motion and the juror was happy.

THE CROPS.

Signal Observer Barwick Receives His First Weekly Bulletins.

The following reports from the weekly crop bulletin observers have been received by Sergeant Barwick up to 5 P. M. yesterday, in answer to his request therefor made through the RECORD-UNION on Friday morning:

Napa City—W. H. Martin, the Observer, says the temperature has been about the average, and has affected the grain crop favorably, with a fair average amount of sunshine, which has also affected the grain favorably. The grain crop in the vicinity of Napa is very small this year, on account of the heavy winter rains, but the fruit crop is about the average. Grapes are doing well. The rainfall during the past seven days was 1 22 inches.

Wheatland — William Gumbard, Observer. The rainfall has been above the average, and the temperature about average. The sunshine is about the average, and has affected the grain crop very favorably.

Folsom—J. H. Sturgis, Observer, reports the past seven days as very favorable to all fruit crops, as sunshine is what is now needed.

Tehama—The prospects are for over half a crop. The past winter has decreased the agricultural prospects in this vicinity very unfavorably. The past week's sunshine has affected the wheat crop favorably.

Will Serve Without Pay.

The requisite number of citizens have been secured to act as election officers, free of charge to the city, at the proposed election on the question of issuing $100,000 in bonds for city improvements. Following are the names of those who have volunteered their services: L. P. Anderson, B. U. Steinman, Chris. Green, E. A. Boyer, H. Conkrite, J. W. Wilson, H. Kimbrough, Wm. Guttenberger, Eugene Crouch, S. W. Butler, A. H. Starrr, D. A. Lindley, E. H. Tyron, M. Edelmuth, Thomas Dwyer, C. E. Grunsky, M. Hanrahan, C. L. White, W. J. O'Brien, M. E. Hornlein, J. W. Stafford, Phil Herzog, M. A. Howard, M. Tracy, Lincoln White, T. B. Hall, John Miller, C. A. Luhrs, J. M. Henderson, Jr., J. M. Milliken, Frank Hickman, Sam Blair, Robert Robinson, A. S. Hopkins, Eugene S. Wachhorst, W. A. Anderson, Wm. Beckman, A. J. Senatz, V. S. McClatchy, Bert Kidder, L. Elkus, P. E. Platt, F. D. Ryan, Fred Knox, Chas. F. Sellinger, Tom Fox, J. J. Nagele, R. H. Hawley, T. D Scriver, O. W. Erlewine, L. L. Lewis, H. C. Fisher, Geo. W. Newman, J. J. Bauer, E. I. Robinson, J. E. Mills, G. M. Mott, A. Heilbron, J. E. T. Pike, F. R. Dray, Walter Parker and V. J. Gregory.

Police Court Cases.

The cases of A. Gregory, Peter Rossi, Tom Spiker, John Williamson and Sam Jackson, charged with gaming, were continued in the Police Court yesterday until to-morrow. The charge of vagrancy against the latter was also continued till Monday.

James Barry and Walter Wilsley, charged with sleeping in railroad cars, were discharged. They appeared to be ignorant of the fact that they were violating the law.

William McIntyre and Dan Carroll, charged with being common drunkards, were each sent to jail for ten days.

Asphalt for I Street.

Enough property-owners on I street, from Thirteenth to Thirty-first, have agreed to have that thoroughfare paved with asphalt, or bituminous rock, to insure the success of the project which D. A. Linley and a few other public-spirited citizens have been agitating for some months. If the I-street property-owners should go ahead with this improvement, no doubt those living along other streets will do likewise.

Placer Agricultural Directors.

Yesterday the Governor appointed the following named persons as Directors of the Placer Agricultural Association: Dana Perkins, Rocklin; W. B. Lardner, Auburn, and E. J. Spark of Lincoln.

THE SPRING RACES.

THEY OPEN UNDER VERY AUSPICIOUS CIRCUMSTANCES.

Four Interesting Events — Charming Weather, a Good Attendance, and a Superb Track.

In view of the various other attractions yesterday, the attendance at Agricultural Park on the opening day of the spring running meeting was very satisfactory to the management. Indeed, it was large enough to forcibly remind one of the average first day's attendance at the State Fair races. The weather was simply perfect, and visitors from other places were delighted with Sacramento's spring climate. The track was in superb condition, and all the conditions were favorable for a fine day's sport. Excellent music was rendered by the Hussar Band during the afternoon.

Those who were inclined to risk their money on the outcome of the several events had abundant opportunity to do so. There were three book-makers' stands on the grounds, run respectively by Schwartz, Kingsley and Black, while S. B. Whitehead conducted the auction pools system. Betting was lively throughout the afternoon, and a considerable sum of money went into the pool-sellers' hands.

Everything passed off without jar or wrangle, owing to the excellent management of Superintendent Hancock and the other resident Directors of the State Board of Agriculture. To Secretary Smith and J. M. Sullivan, the Marshal, are also due much of the credit for the smoothness with which the day's events passed off.

All things considered, it may be said that it was a very successful inauguration of the meeting. No doubt the attendance will increase during the week, as many admirers of racing did not relish the idea of being absent from their homes from Friday till Tuesday in order to attend on the first day.

The Judges for the day were Directors LaRue, Green and Cox. Timers, J. W. Wilson, D. M. Burns and Clarence Waterhouse. Starter, W. H. Coombs.

THE FIRST RACE

Was three-quarters of a mile for three-year-olds and upwards, for which the following horses showed up at the post: Maltese Villa's filly Mirope, W. H. E. Smith's Al. Farrow, H. Howard's Jackson, L. M. Shippee's Prince, J. J. Dolan's Revolver, W. L. Appleby's Carmen, and J. R. Rose' Kitty Van. The latter had the inside, Carmen next, and then Prince, Revolver, Miropе, Jackson and Farrow in the order named.

In the books the horses were rated as follows: Farrow 4 to 5, Kitty Van 2 to 1, Prince 6 to 1, Mirope 10 to 1, Carmen, Jackson and Revolver each 15 to 1.

In the auction pools Farrow brought $25, Kitty Van $10, and the others sold for $7 in the field.

The horses were sent off at the third attempt, and pretty well bunched. Carmen led by a half-length, Kitty Van next, Farrow and several others following on the latter's flanks. At the half Kitty Van, Jackson and Farrow were nearly on even terms, and as the procession came around the far turn Farrow moved to the front and came into the homestretch well in advance, Kitty Van next and Jackson third, the others well strung out. The race down the homestretch was hotly contested by the three leaders, but Farrow could not be headed, and led under the wire a length in advance of Kitty Van, with Jackson the same distance in the rear. Time, 1:15.

AGRICULTURAL PARK, SACRAMENTO, April 26, 1890—State Agricultural Society's spring meeting; purse $400, for three-year-olds and upward; three-quarters of a mile.

W. H. E. Smith's b. h. Al Farrow, by Connor-Della Walker, 124 pounds..... 1
J. R. Ross' b. m. Kitty Van, by Vanderbilt-April Fool, 116 pounds..... 2
Harry Howard's b. h. Jackson, by Luke Blackburn-Ivy Leaf, 114 pounds..... 3

SECOND RACE.

The second race was for the Norfolk stake, for two-year-olds, five-eighths of a mile. The starters were Dennison Bros.' Minnie B., L. J. Rose's Fairy, Palo Alto's Rinfax, L. U. Shippee's Drake, Fashion Stable's Cheerful and H. I. Thornton's Arcade.

In the pools Fairy sold for $25 and the field for $20. In the books 2½ to 1 was offered on Rinfax; Fairy, 7 to 10; Minnie B., 15 to 1; Drake, 8 to 1; Arcade 20 to 1, and Cheerful 30 to 1.

The colts were sent off in a straggling order on the first attempt, Arcade being well to the front, with Rinfax and Fairy close up, the others well strung out. Going into the turn Arcade fell back, while Fairy and Rinfax moved up. Minnie B. here began to emerge from the rear rank, and as the head of the stretch was reached Fairy forged to the front, followed by Rinfax, with Minnie B. making a strong play for third place, which she captured in coming down the stretch. Fairy increased her lead to the wire, under which she passed an easy winner, four lengths ahead of Rinfax, who led Minnie B. by three lengths. Time, 1:01.

AGRICULTURAL PARK, SACRAMENTO, April 26, 1890—State Agricultural Society's spring meeting; Norfolk stake for two-year-olds; $500 added; five-eighths of a mile.

L. J. Rose's b. f. Fairy, by Argyle-Imp. Fanny Rose, 118 pounds..... 1
Palo Alto's ch. f. Rinfax, by Argyle-Imp. Amelia, 121 pounds..... 2
Dennison Bros.' ch. f. Minnie B., by Prince of Norfolk, dam by Wildidle, 112 pounds..... 3

THIRD RACE.

The third race was for the selling purse, one and one-sixteenth miles. Eleven horses faced the starter, selling in the books in the following order: Applause, 6 to 1; Dave Douglas, 10; Sheridan, 3; Kildare, 6; Black Pilot, 8; Welcome, 8; Oro, 2½; Jou-Jou, 4, and Jack Brady, 8 to 1. Auction pools sold: Field, $25; Oro, $15; Sheridan, $10.

Great difficulty was experienced in getting the horses off, no less than nine false starts being made. They finally got away to a fair start, considering the number; but Black Pilot, which had been acting badly throughout, was left at the post, and had to follow several lengths in the rear. As the horses passed the stand, Applause was slightly in the lead, with Jou-Jou and Sheridan well up, the others bunched. At the quarter the positions had not changed materially. Up the back-stretch the horses were well bunched, with Douglas bringing up the rear. It was difficult to determine which had the lead at the half-mile pole, Sheridan and Jou-Jou being nearly equal and showing to the front slightly. The struggle around the turn was between Sheridan, Jou-Jou and Applause, but as the horses came into the stretch Jou Jou seemed to have a little the best of it, the field being now well strung out. Coming down the stretch, Jou-Jou fell back and was passed by Kildare and Oro, giving the first place to Sheridan, who came under the wire about three lengths in advance of Kildare, with Oro a head in front of Jou-Jou. The others were well up. Time, 1:50½.

The result of this race was demoralizing to "the fancy," who had played Jou-Jou heavily for a winner. It is said that one San Franciscan stood to win $5,000 at heavy odds had the horse come in ahead. The bookmakers did well on the race, a pile of money having been placed on Jou-Jou, Oro, Kildare and Applause, while no inconsiderable amount was taken in on the others from the large crowd who were induced to bet by the big odds offered.

AGRICULTURAL PARK, SACRAMENTO, April 26, 1890—State Agricultural Society's spring meeting; selling purse $400, for all ages; one and one-sixteenth miles.

P. Siebenthaler's ch. c. Sheridan, by Young Bazaar-Lost Girl, 106 pounds..... 1
M. Storni's ch. g. Kildare, by Kyrle Daly-Mistake, 116 pounds..... 2
M. H. Smith's b. g. Jou Jou, by Monday-Plaything, 115 pounds..... 3

Sheridan, the winner, owned by Philip Siebenthaler, of this city, was led in front of the judges' stand and the announcement made that he could be claimed at the price named by his owner, $1,500, unless higher bids were received. There being no response, Mr. Siebenthaler had him taken back to his own stable.

THE LAST RACE.

The fourth and last race was the California Oaks, a sweepstake for three-year-old fillies, one and one-eighth miles, for which Dennison Bros.' Eda, C. W. Trahern's Retta B., Palo Alto's Muta, Appleby's Raindrop, and J. B. Chase's Marigold showed up.

In the pools Muta sold for $20 against $17 for the field. The bookmakers gave odds of 6 to 1 on Eda, 5 on Retta B., 3 each on Raindrop and Marigold, while but 4 against 5 was offered on Muta.

There was no delay at the post this time, for the first time the horses were turned toward the flag they got away in good shape. As they dashed past the stand Marigold and Retta were leading, a length and a half in front of Raindrop, the others close up. These relative positions were maintained to the quarter-pole, but the others had crowded closer upon the leaders. The run up the back-stretch was a very exciting one, every horse being pushed as if his rider thought there was a chance to win. At the half-mile post Marigold and Retta were still slightly in the lead, but the horses were so well bunched that the other positions could scarcely be distinguished. The hot pace around the far turn caused some of the colts to form a rear rank, however, while the Palo Alto representative could be seen making play for the front. Coming into the stretch Raindrop made a sharp brush and challenged the leaders, and it was nip-and-tuck between her, Muta and Marigold in the last eighth of a mile. Whips were freely plied, and as the fillies neared the wire it looked like a dead heat between Muta and Raindrop; but the former had the best of it by a head, Marigold being a close third. Time, 1:59. Following is the summary:

AGRICULTURAL PARK, Sacramento, April 26th, 1890.—The California Oaks, sweepstakes for three year-old fillies (foals of 1887); $600 added. One mile and an eighth.

Palo Alto Stock Farm's ch. f. Muta, by Wildidle-Imp. Mutiny, 117 pounds..... 1
W. L. Appleby's b. f. Raindrop, by Wildidle-Imp. Teardrop, 122 pounds..... 2
J. B. Chase's ch. f. Marigold, by Milner-Katie Pease, 112 pounds..... 3

PIONEER RECEPTION.

The New Englanders Meet Their Friends at the Capitol.

The reception of the visiting Pioneers at the Capitol last evening was not as well attended as was expected, owing probably to the many other attractions. About sixty ladies and gentlemen—about evenly divided between Sacramentans and visitors—were there.

Secretary of State Hendricks called the assemblage to order and made a brief address of welcome to the excursionists, after which he introduced the Governor. The latter also made a short address similar to that of Mr. Hendricks.

William H. Thomes, President of the New England Pioneers, followed. He thanked the Governor, for the people of California, for the magnificent reception they had given everywhere, and gave assurance that they would never forget it. The speaker then branched off into some interesting reminiscences of his early experience in California before she became a State, and even before she became a part of the Union. He concluded with an eloquent eulogy of California and everything Californian.

Mayor Comstock was the next speaker. His remarks were characteristically brief. He welcomed the visitors to Sacramento, and hoped they were having a good time.

P. S. Lawson, President of the local Society of Pioneers spoke at length of the progress the State had made since the pioneer days and assured the visitors that they were the ones who laid the foundation.

Secretary Whitmore of the visiting pioneers caused quite a little breeze by announcing that he and others of the party had become aware of the fact that there was a sentiment among the people out here that the visitors were not genuine California pioneers, and were composed of many frauds. He denied this emphatically and said he was ready to register his oath that he was a genuine pioneer, and that there was not a fraud in the party. The gentleman subsequently smoothed matters over somewhat by speaking of the unbounded hospitality with which they had been received since they entered the State.

After the speech-making the assemblage joined in general chatting and sociability and later on adjourned.

PURE AND CLEAR ICE.

The Buffalo Brewing Company's Process of Manufacture.

For several days past the new and attractive ice-wagons of the Buffalo Brewing Company have been upon the streets, and have attracted a great deal of attention. Inquiry has been frequently made as to when the new company would commence to deliver ice, and what process is used in its manufacture. The company announces in another column that it is now ready for business, and will commence delivering ice to customers to-morrow morning. With a view to getting a description of the process a reporter of the RECORD-UNION yesterday interviewed Mr. Herman H. Grau, the manager, and asked him for information on the subject. Mr. Grau said:

"Our ice is manufactured by the De la Vergne system, and is made from distilled and filtered water. The steam is passed through a process of filters and condensers very simple in contrivance, but absolutely efficient in its results.

"It is an established fact that in consequence of the elaborate and careful processes through which the water passes in the steam boiler and the different filters and condensers that ice made therefrom is absolutely pure, clear and transparent.

"The water from which the ice is made under this system passes through a process of boiling at a temperature of 350° Fahrenheit, thereby entirely removing any organisms that might be contained in ice taken from ponds or rivers, and in consequence thereof the progressive sanitary boards of our large Eastern cities are now strongly advocating the use of manufactured ice.

"The storage power of our ice far exceeds that of the natural article, for this reason: Natural ice, during the progress of its growth, is in constant contact with water that does not attain a temperature below 32° Fahrenheit, while ours is frozen at a much lower temperature, and will consequently last longer and be able to absorb a greater amount of heat."

A DAY IN THE COUNTRY.

Odd Fellows and Their Friends Enjoy a Picnic at Natoma Grove.

The Odd Fellows of Sacramento celebrated their seventy-first anniversary yesterday by a picnic at Natoma Grove, which never was in finer condition. Twenty-two well-filled cars left the city, and hundreds came to the picnic grounds from the surrounding country by conveyances of all descriptions. A delegation of the visiting pioneers improved the occasion to visit one of the former busy mining camps of pioneer days, and seemed to heartily enjoy the trip.

The dancing platform was thronged with dancers the entire day, and games and amusements of all kinds were participated in with a zeal appropriate to the first picnic of the season. Choice music was rendered by the First Artillery Band.

Many of the excursionists visited the Orange Vale Colony, on the opposite side of the river, and the view from that elevated plateau was spoken of in rapturous terms.

The announcement made by the Anniversary Committee that no intoxicants of any kind should be sold on the ground, was strictly adhered to, and it is worthy of mention that, notwithstanding the large number present, the occasion was entirely free from unpleasant incidents of any kind.

Shortly after 5 P. M. the picnickers left the grove on their return, well satisfied with a day pleasantly and rationally spent in the enjoyment of the beautiful scenery and balmy atmosphere of the lower foothills.

Sutter Fort Benefit.

The entertainment given last evening at the Metropolitan Theater by the Fowler Tableaux D'Art and Concert Company, for the benefit of the Sutter Fort Fund, was fairly attended and thoroughly enjoyed by those present. Miss Miriam C. Jehu gave three readings, and proved herself to be an elocutionist of a high order. She is a modest-appearing and thoroughly competent artist, and her recitations were delightful. Miss Carrie Roma sang two solos, and was encored in both. She has a strong soprano voice and excellent control of it. A tenor solo by Richard Cohn, of this city, was a pleasing selection and well rendered. The tableaux given by six young ladies, under the direction of Miss Jehu, showed skill and careful study on the part of the young ladies. Mrs. C. A. Neate acted as accompanist during the evening.

Grangers' Picnic.

Thursday next, May 1st, will be a great day among the Grangers of Sacramento, as they will then hold their annual reunion and picnic, which will take place at Graham's Grove, near Elk Grove. Music will be furnished by the First Artillery Band of this city. Trains will leave here at 8:15 and 10:50 A. M., and returning will leave the grove at 2 and 6 o'clock P. M., the fare each way being ten cents. Admission to the grove will be free.

The Palmer Case.

The wearisome arguments on the petition of H. J. Palmer for a writ of habeas corpus again consumed several hours in Judge Armstrong's Court yesterday. Defendant's counsel urged that the omission of certain entries from the books of the Fair ranch was the fault of a clerk, and not of Palmer. The Court took the matter under advisement.

REITZ' BOX-WORK.

THE LITTLE INFIELDER SURPRISES THE BALL SHARPS,

And Pitches the Sacramento Lads Into Victory—Ziegler Has an Off Day—Very Close Scores.

The Sacramentos demonstrated yesterday that they can win a game with an ordinary amount of batting on their part. They are better fielders and work together more effectively than any nine in the League, but so far their failure to bat the ball has lost them more than the majority of games. Yesterday they made nine hits, and won a hard-fought and interesting battle. The game was well attended, and when Reitz, the Sacramento favorite, stepped into the box to do the pitching for the Senators, the audience were agreeably surprised to discover that the little second baseman had talent as a pitcher, besides being an A No. 1 infielder.

Reitz started in nicely, and during the entire game puzzled the best batters of the Oakland nine by his unusually wide outcurves and deceptive drop-balls. Only five hits were made off his delivery, and the three-bagger credited to Stickney was a scratch hit along the line into right field. Reitz never lost his head, and though the infield made some rank errors he pitched steadily and with good control of the ball. In watching bases he was not as careful as he might have been, and as he undoubtedly would be had he been as accustomed to box-work as are the other pitchers. On account of big leads given the base runners, Bowman, who caught a splendid game, was unable to throw them out at second base.

Meegan's pitching was up to his usual standard, but he was poorly supported in the infield. Farrell, at shortstop, made some very rank misplays, but credit is due to him for several brilliant stops. He had eleven chances and erred in three of them.

The all-round work of Roberts, the reliable left fielder of the Sacramentos, was by all odds the feature of the game. He fielded his position to perfection, and not one fly-ball was knocked into the left garden that did not find him ready to receive it. The manner in which he fielded a hot grounder knocked along the third base line into the left field, by Lohman, brought forth vociferous applause from the audience. This hit was thought to be good for three bags, but Roberts corralled it and the runner made only first base on the drive. Beside doing brilliant work in the field, he led at the bat and scored three rattling hits. The first was a home-run, the second a three-bagger and the third a single. Both Godar and Goodenough scored on the three base hit.

Daly and Godar played well, and though the latter received an error mark, the chance was a very difficult one and might well have been recorded as a hit. Some of Daly's stops where hard hit and deceptive bouncing grounders, and he handled them very neatly. Zeigler was somewhat "off," but he is a hard worker and did not deserve to be hissed at. He has done too much to bring a good nine together in this city to merit any such reception as he received yesterday, and the jeer in the grand stand who did not like his playing were not in sympathy with the rest of the audience. He, like all other players, has his "off" days. Smith made two errors on first base, and McHale in right field had little to do. He ended the game by catching a liner driven out into right field by Farrell.

The Oaklands' infielders, with the exception of Stickney, all made errors which materially assisted them in their defeat. Stickney led in batting and made two out of the five hits. Hill and O'Neill played their positions in the outfield well. Dungan, in the right garden, made one brilliant catch of a liner, but was not as effective as usual in batting.

The game was watched with deep interest by the audience, and it would have caused no great surprise had the Oaklands tied the score in the ninth inning. They had a man on second base with two outs, and a short single would have had the effect of tying the score, but Farrell, the batter, failed to hit safely and victory was for the Senators. Following is the score:

SACRAMENTO.	T. B.	R.	B. H.	S. B.	P. O.	A.	E.
Goodenough, c. f.	5	1	0	1	4	0	0
Daly, s. s.	5	1	2	0	0	4	0
Godar, 3d b.	4	1	2	0	1	2	1
Reitz, p.	4	0	0	0	0	1	0
Roberts, l. f.	4	2	3	0	5	0	0
Smith, 1st b.	4	0	1	1	9	0	2
McHale, r. f.	4	0	0	1	1	0	0
Zeigler, 2d b.	4	0	1	0	2	0	2
Bowman, c.	4	0	0	0	5	3	1
Totals...	38	5	9	2	27	10	6

OAKLAND.	T. B.	R.	B. H.	S. B.	P. O.	A.	E.
C. O'Neil, l. f.	4	0	2	0	3	0	0
Stickney, 3d b.	5	2	2	0	1	1	0
Dungan, r. f.	3	0	0	1	1	0	0
Farrell, s. s.	5	0	0	1	4	4	3
McDonald, 2d b.	2	0	1	1	1	3	1
Lohman, c.	4	0	1	0	4	2	1
Hill, c. f.	4	0	1	0	3	0	0
Isaacson, 1st b.	3	0	0	0	9	0	1
Meegan, p.	4	0	0	1	1	2	0
Totals...	34	4	5	6	27	12	6

Runs by innings—1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

Sacramento ..... 1 0 0 0 1 3 0 0 0—5
Oakland ..... 1 0 0 1 1 0 0 1 0—4

Earned runs—Sacramento, 3; Oakland, 1. Home runs—Roberts. Three-base hits—Roberts and Stickney. Sacrifice hits—Reitz. First base on errors—Sacramento, 5; Oakland, 3. First base on called ball—Sacramento, 0; Oakland, 5. Left on bases—Sacramento, 6; Oakland, 8. Struck out—By Reitz, 5; by Meegan, 3. First base on hit by pitcher—Isaacson. Passed balls—Bowman, 1. Time of game—Two hours and five minutes. Umpire—Sheridan. Scorer—Young.

A HARD-FOUGHT GAME.

Stockton Defeats San Francisco in a Twelve-Inning Game.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 26th.—The Stocktons and San Franciscos played a twelve-inning game to-day, which was especially exciting after the eighth inning. The visitors did not have any trouble in batting Lookabaugh, while Chase, although in bad shape, pitched a good game and received excellent support, both behind the bat and on the infield. Errors were made, but the Stocktons made up for them by heavy hitting. The features of the game were two double plays, also the work of Selna, Fudger and Buchan. Following is the score:

SAN FRANCISCO.	T. B.	R.	B. H.	S. B.	P. O.	A.	E.
Shea, 2d b.	7	0	2	0	1	1	0
Sweeney, 1st b.	5	0	0	13	1	0	0
Hanley, c. f.	5	0	1	0	1	0	0
Ebright, s. s.	3	1	0	0	1	3	0
Speer, c.	4	2	1	0	7	1	1
Levy, l. f.	6	2	2	0	5	0	0
Stevens, r. f.	6	0	2	0	2	0	0
Buchan, 3d b.	5	0	1	1	2	7	0
Lookabaugh, p.	4	0	0	0	1	2	0
Totals...	45	6	9	1	34*	15	2

STOCKTON.	T. B.	R.	B. H.	S. B.	P. O.	A.	E.
Swan, r. f.	6	1	3	2	1	0	1
Cahill, 1. f.	6	1	1	2	0	0	1
Holliday, c. f.	6	2	4	2	5	1	3
Fudger, s. s.	5	0	2	2	1	5	1
Fogarty, 2d b.	5	0	1	1	6	4	1
Selna, 1st b.	5	0	1	0	17	0	1
Wilson, 3d b.	5	1	1	1	3	2	0
Chase, p.	4	1	0	0	0

ORIGINAL DEFECTIVE

EAST OF THE ROCKIES.

Heavy Tracks and Poor Racing at Linden and Nashville.

SULLIVAN'S EYES ARE BLACKED.

A Card-Player Falls Dead at the Sight of a Straight Flush—Inferior Seal Skins.

[SPECIAL DISPATCHES TO THE RECORD-UNION.]

REPUBLICAN CLUB.

General Clarkson Discusses the Press of the Country.

PITTSBURG, April 26th.—The fourth annual dinner of the America's Republican Club, in commemoration of the 68th birthday of General U. S. Grant, was given to-night. "Our Guests Absent" was responded to by Colonel J. M. Schoonamaker, of this city.

"U. S. Grant," by Governor James A. Beaver, and "The Republican Party," by Hon. Thomas B. Reed, Speaker of the House of Representatives. Mr. Reed spoke at length on the election frauds and ballot-box stuffing in the South. The remedy, he said, was the passage of the Senate bill enlarging the powers of the United States Supervisors over State elections.

Assistant Postmaster-General Clarkson spoke to the toast "The Republican Press." Brice, he said, was much derided for his phrase in 1888, that the campaign of that year was an "intellectual one," yet his statement was true. The political contests, said the speaker, are growing more and more to be fought in the arena of discussion and in the newspaper press. The torch light and the red light as political arguments are being superceded by the intellectual discussion of the press. The campaign of 1892 will be a newspaper campaign, and it has already begun. The Democrats saw this before the Republicans, for any close observer must have seen the marvelous manner in which the Democratic party has been strengthening its lines in newspapers and magazines. In the large cities of the East they have captured nearly all the magazines and illustrated papers. All kinds of press and literature have been turned into their service. The reinforced Democratic press is a startling thing for the Republican party to face, and it must face it, with courage and wisdom. In New York City 1,400,000 copies of daily newspapers are printed daily. Less than 100,000 of them are Republican. This means that two-fifths of the Republicans of New York city and its environments are reading Democratic papers and taking Democratic versions of things, and the young people of the households are being educated unconsciously against the party of their fathers. In Boston the papers of the greatest circulation are also Democratic. The same is true of nearly every large city in the country. The Democracy has also pressed its conquests to the agricultural press, and in the last three or four years many of the farmers' papers in the West have become advocates of free trade. It was largely through this line and that of the Farmers' Alliances that the Democrats first based their claim that the Northwest was for free trade, and charging it to the Democratic party. Even as good an organization as that of the farmers was utilized, and the Farmers' Alliances are established systematically with all the Democrats and all weak-kneed Republicans in the neighborhood gathered into its fold. Then they were supplied with free-trade literature secretly and constantly. Such a propaganda had never been known in America as that of the Democrats in their hunt in secret and through a changing press in behalf of free trade in the West to-day, and I submit to you, as Republicans, that it is time for our party to take notice of what the opposition party is doing by increasing and strengthening its press.

RUNNING IN THE MUD.

Heavy Tracks and Poor Running at Linden and Nashville.

LINDEN, April 26th.—It was raining hard when the first race was called to-day, and the attendance was very poor. The track was one mass of mud and hard to travel over.

The first race, eleven-sixteenths of a mile, was won by Blue Book in 1:11, Sam Moore second and Salvini third.

The second race, five-eighths of a mile, was won by Early Blossom in 1:05½, Gray Rock second and Maggie Hunt third.

The third race, one and one-sixteenth miles, was won by Stonemason in 1:55½, Randolph second and Lee Christy third.

The fourth race, one and one-eighth miles, was won by Eric in 2:02½, Sorento second and George Oyster third.

The fifth race, one mile, was won by Sparling in 1:50, Battersby second and Bonanza third.

The sixth race, three quarters of a mile, Monte Cristo won in 1:23¼, Prince Howard second and Nina W. third.

MUD AT NASHVILLE.

NASHVILLE, April 26th.—The weather was very threatening at this place to-day and the track muddy and heavy. The attendance was very poor.

The first race, three-quarters of a mile, was won by Worth in 1:19¾, Creole second and Joe Courtney third.

The second race, one-half mile, was won by Annie Bunn in :54, Too Sweet second and Katrina third.

The third race, five-eighths of a mile, was won by Bob L. in 1:08, Black Knight second and Average third.

The fourth race, one and one-eighth miles, Robespierre won in 2:02½, Prince Fonsa second and Blarney Stone, Jr., third.

ANOTHER SCANDAL.

How the Democratic Politicians of New York Run Things.

NEW YORK, April 26th.—The Fassett Legislative Investigating Committee, which unearthed the corrupt practices at Ludlow-street Jail, to-day uncovered another scandal. Peter H. McCann, keeper of the Mount St. Vincent Restaurant, Central Park, which is a political position, testified that Richard Croker, a Tammany boss, raised a fund of $180,000 to have the present Mayor, Grant, nominated for Public Works Commissioner. Afterward, when Grant was Sheriff he (Grant), at different times, gave $25,000 to Croker's 6 year-old daughter. He also testified that Mrs. Croker and Grant's private secretary and Croker's physician have been offered bribes to leave the city since the investigation opened.

McCann explained that the $180,000 fund was to secure Grant's confirmation as Commissioner of Public Works, and was not used because Mayor Grace nominated another for the position. The fund was raised among Tammany politicians and Grant personally raised $80,000 of the fund. Witness knew these things by reason of being Croker's brother-in-law, and much of his information was derived from Mrs. Croker. Witness also testified that the money Croker received from Grant paid for Croker's house, in which the latter lives.

INFERIOR SEAL SKINS.

A Large Importer Fails Without a Cent of Indebtedness.

NEW YORK, April 26th.—The assignee of A. P. Rockwell, importer and manufacturer of seal fur garments, makes a statement that Rockwell, who was at one time the second largest importer of sealskins in America, assigned without actually having one cent of indebtedness. The assignment grew out of a transaction with Revillou Freres, fur dealers of Paris. Rockwell started ten years ago as agent of Revillou Freres, and assumed all the expenses of running their business in this city and all bad debts.

In 1882 Revillou sent over 7,000 sealskins. Rockwell sold these goods in the United States, and ever since has been receiving complaints to the effect that the sealskins were inferior and in many cases rotten. Rockwell wrote to Revillou Bros., informing them that he would lose fully $50,000. The Revillous refused to compensate him, and he had to bear the entire loss. Rockwell, however, issued accommodation paper to the amount of $50,000 for Revillou, and then Revillou sued on this paper. Rockwell's assignee is about to sue Revillou Bros. for $100,000.

HORRIBLE STORY.

A Doctor's Wife Relates How Many Infants were Murdered.

MILWAUKEE, April 26th.—A local paper devotes five columns to an alleged expose of the criminal practices of Dr. Thomas Hutchard.

Ten days ago Dr. Hutchard brought suit for divorce against his wife, Nancy, in which he alleged that she excessively used liquor and morphine. Mrs. Hutchard, in answer, charges her husband with many cruel and brutal acts, including criminal malpractice and the burning of young babies alive. Among other things, the answer, which is sworn to, states that he converted their home into a hospital, where women who wished to avoid the consequences of their crimes were treated, and that she was forced against her will to care for and nurse them after he performed the operation.

She also alleges that on at least two occasions the doctor burned prematurely born babies, and that one woman, Maggie Hogan, from Fond du Lac county, died in their house from the effects of a criminal operation. The answer gives the names, dates and details of the horrible chapter of crimes alleged to have been committed by the doctor.

In an interview, attested by an affidavit, Mrs. Hutchard declares that she saw her husband take no less than five new-born infants, build a hot fire, and throw them shrieking and kicking into the flames. He did the same, she says, with many others, both dead and alive—probably twenty altogether.

The Hogan girl and another, named Langworthy, died from the effects of abortions in the house.

The records of the Health Department show the death of these girls.

FIGHTING FOR A FORTUNE.

Trying to Get Hold of a Dead Man's Millions.

NEW YORK, April 26th.—Two Brooklyn families are about to inherit a fortune of £250,000. Patrick and Dennis Gargan settled in that city about 1847. A third brother, Michael, went to New Orleans, where he died several years ago, and is believed not to have been married. Patrick and Dennis are also dead, the former leaving four and the latter five children. In 1886 there died in Cayan, Ireland, a wealthy and eccentric tannery proprietor named Patrick Gargan. He had been married twice, but died a widower without children. He bequeathed his immense fortune to his nephews, Patrick, Dennis and Michael Gargan, or, in event of their decease, to their heirs.

The fact of his decease was duly advertised in the Irish papers, and his death and bequest finally came to the knowledge of the heirs in Brooklyn, and Denison James proceeded to Ireland, where he is now prosecuting the case. Suit is now pending in the Irish Court of Chancery, and apparently would be speedily decided, but the inevitable woman in the case appears as serenely as usual.

A Margaret Gargan, residing in Dublin, claims to be the legitimate daughter of Michael Gargan, who died at New Orleans, and, of course, claims an equity in the estate. These claims the Brooklyn heirs believe to be fraudulent and will resist, thereby opening up a litigation which may require a long time to determine. If Margaret's claim be fraudulent the nine children that now constitute the heirs of Dennis and Patrick will come in for the handsome sum of $140,000 apiece.

Athletic Contests.

NEW YORK, April 26th.—Gus Heck, a prominent local politician and a patron of the sports, to-night mailed a letter to President Fulda of the California Athletic Club, containing this proposition: The California Athletic Club should hold the annual tournament at which the boxing and wrestling championships in all classes should be decided, the events open to the world. Each competitor should deposit at least $250, as a sweepstake to go to the winner in his class. To the man adjudged the champion heavy-weight pugilist of the world your club could present a purse of from $10,000 to $20,000 and a suitable emblem; to the middle-weight champion, say $10,000; light-weight, $7,000; feather-weight, $5,000; bantam-weight, $3,500 and an emblem.

The purses should be in addition to the sweepstakes, the competition to be annual, the winners holding their titles and emblems undisputed for a year. Every athlete of known ability should be allowed a reasonable sum of money for training and other necessary expenses, but men who have never figured prominently in public combat should be required to pay their way.

Boston Wins and Loses.

BOSTON, April 26th.—The home team won the Brotherhood game this afternoon by terrific hitting in an uphill contest. Kilroy was driven out of the box in the first inning and Daly, who relieved him, pitched magnificently. The attendance was 3,600.

At the end of the eighth inning the game was called on account of darkness. Score:

Boston	3	1	2	1	0	3	4	0—14
New York	6	0	1	1	1	1	0	0—10

Base hits—Boston, 15; New York, 15. Errors—Boston, 10; New York, 8. Batteries—Kilroy and Daly, and Kelly, Crane and Vaughn. Umpires—Gaffney and Barns.

Sixteen hundred people attended the League game this afternoon, which was marked by much listless playing. Russie pitched a fine game, holding the home team down to four hits. Score:

Boston	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0–1
New York	0	0	1	0	0	1	1	0	3—6

Hits—Boston, 4: New York, 8. Errors—Boston, 5; New York, 3. Batteries—Nichols and Ganzell, Rusie and Buckler. Umpire—McDermott.

How They Worked It.

LITTLE ROCK (Ark.), April 26th.—The Clayton-Breckenridge Investigating Committee examined about seventy-five witnesses yesterday, nearly all of whom were negroes. The latter testified that they had cast straight Republican tickets containing the name of John M. Clayton as candidate for Congress. A majority of the negroes who testified are unable to read and could not tell whether the tickets shown them were the ones they voted or not. They were positive, however, of having voted for Clayton. Except in a very few cases the ballots showed they had voted for Breckenridge. In this State the number is written on the ticket corresponding to the number opposite the name of the votes in the poll books, so that it is very easy to ascertain the ticket cast by each voter. In nearly all cases where the negro was unable to read his ballot was produced and was a straight Democratic one.

Grant Denies It.

NEW YORK, April 26th.—Mayor Grant to-night made a general denial of the charges made against him by McCann, before the Senate Committee, to-day. He was never a candidate for Commissioner of Public Works and before it was not eligible. The talk about his having $80,000 was too frivolous to talk about. He had given Croker's daughter (his godchild) presents, but no such fabulous sums as have been mentioned. Mrs. Croker says McCann's statement is false and the relations between herself and husband are pleasant.

Sullivan Knocked Out.

BOSTON, April 26th.—John L. Sullivan wanders about town now with a decidedly black eye. John and a young liquor dealer here were suitors for the company of the same young woman and they left it to her to decide between them. She chose the champion, when the discarded rival immediately planted a blow on John's eye. The movement was so quick that John could not ward it off. John swore roundly, and says he never received such disfigurement, even from a prize-fighter.

Carpenters Terrified.

CHICAGO, April 26th.—At a meeting of the non-union carpenters who have come here from other States since the beginning of the strike, they drafted a memorial setting forth that they have been assaulted and terrified; that the local police and other authorities refuse to protect them. They therefore ask Government protection. The memorial is addressed to Secretary Blaine.

They Will Not Strike.

CHICAGO, April 26th.—It is now stated that there will be no strike of the Chicago packing-house employes at the stock yards, as was at one time feared. The strike would involve 15,000 men. There was a strong sentiment in favor of it, but older heads, who passed through the disastrous strike of 1886, counseled against it as hopeless. Their counsel prevailed.

He Held a Flush.

NEW YORK, April 26th.—"What a singular hand I hold!" Herman Pinner, one of the leading tobacco merchants, made this exclamation when playing poker last evening at his home, and then fell from his chair dead. The five cards which fell face up on the table were of a color and a kind—a straight flush of spades.

Thomas and Fay.

CHICAGO, April 26th.—Theodore Thomas, the famous orchestra leader, will be married to Miss Rose Fay of this city on May 7th. It will be a very select and highly fashionable affair. Thomas is aged 54 and the bride 17. She is a daughter of C. N. Fay, the ex-President of the Gas Trust.

Redoubled Vigor.

CHICAGO, April 26th.—Mr. Goldie declared and word was sent to the new Boss Association and striking carpenters at 2 P. M. this afternoon, that the Carpenters and Builders' Association would not recognize the union. The strike will, therefore, be resumed with redoubled vigor.

WASHINGTON TOPICS.

More of the Great Sioux Reservation to be Purchased.

GENERAL FREMONT IS RETIRED.

Horace F. Page, an ex-Representative of California, is Lying at the Point of Death.

[SPECIAL DISPATCHES TO THE RECORD-UNION.]

PRESIDENT HARRISON.

He Writes a Strong Letter to the Attorney-General.

WASHINGTON, April 26th.—The following correspondence was made public to-day:

EXECUTIVE MANSION, April 24, 1890.

To the Attorney-General—SIR: I have had frequent occasions during the last six months to confer with you in reference to the obstructions offered in the counties of Leon, Gadsden, Madison and Jefferson, in the State of Florida, to the execution of process in Courts of the United States.

It is not necessary to say more of the situation than that the officers of the United States are not suffered freely to exercise their lawful functions. This condition of things can no longer be tolerated. You will therefore instruct United States Marshal Weeks, as soon as he has qualified, to proceed at once to execute such writs of arrest as may be placed in his hands. If he apprehends resistance he will employ such civil posse as may seem adequate to discourage resistance, or to overcome it. He should proceed with the calmness and moderation which should always attend a public officer in the execution of his duty and at the same time with a firmness and courage that will impress the lawless with a wholesome sense of the danger and futility of resistance.

You will assure the officers of the law, and those who have foolishly and wickedly thought to set the law at defiance, that every resource lodged with the Executive by the Constitution and laws will, as necessity arises, be employed to make it safe and feasible to hold the Federal Commission and to execute the duties it imposes. Very respectfully,

BENJAMIN HARRISON.

Appended to this is a letter from Attorney-General Miller to United States Marshal Weeks, of Florida, directing that the President's instructions be faithfully carried out.

CAPITOL NOTES.

Major-General John C. Fremont Placed Upon the Retired List.

WASHINGTON, April 26th.—Confirmations to-day: John C. Fremont, as a Major-General of the United States Army, retired; John B. Callin, Indian Agent at Hinesville, Montana; Henry C. Gooding of Indiana, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Arizona.

The Senate Committee on Education and Labor to-day received the Committee of the Association of Agricultural Colleges and Experimental Stations, who presented a memorial of their needs. The memorial sets forth the special and immediate needs of these colleges for more generous support, and asks at least $15,000 a year to be provided now for each State, and the same to be increased until a limit of not less than $25,000 is reached.

Senator Paddock to-day presented a pamphlet from the Legislative Committee of the National Grange containing their memorial in favor of legislation to prohibit the adulteration of food, gambling in farm products, and the formation and continuation of trusts. Also in favor of the remonetization of silver and a revision of the tariff in the interest of agriculture.

Want to Keep the Bullion.

WASHINGTON, April 26th.—The Republican Senators' caucus to consider the silver bill was in session for a long time this afternoon. After adjournment it was announced that the whole subject was again referred to a caucus committee who would endeavor to frame a bill acceptable to all. It was reported that while the differences between the silver men and the advocates of the bill agreed upon by the committee of the House and Senate seem to be radical, yet an earnest purpose was shown to harmonize, and, if possible, to come to an agreement. The silver men desire that the provision in the bill reported by the caucus committee which gives the Secretary of the Treasury discretion to redeem in bullion the Treasury notes issued for the payment for bullion be stricken out. They do not wish to give to the Secretary power, under any condition, to pay out bullion after it is once deposited in the Treasury. This view is supported by Evarts. The silver men also desire to have the notes provided for in the bill made full legal tenders, but this is not insisted upon with the same intensity and earnestness as is the proposition to keep the bullion in the Treasury.

Private Land Claims.

WASHINGTON, April 26th.—The House Committee on Private Claims has authorized a favorable report on the bill for the relief of the heirs of Myra Clark Gaines. The bill recites that Myra Clark Gaines, as the legal representative of Daniel Clark, deceased, of Louisiana, was entitled, by reason of the Spanish grants, to 38,457 acres of land, and provides for the issue of patents to these heirs for all these lands which the Commissioner of the General Land Office shall find vacant, unappropriated and undisposed of by the United States, which patents shall operate only as a relinquishment of title on the part of the United States, and not impair or preclude any adverse claimants from the right to assert the validity of their claim for all the lands disposed of by the United States or otherwise lawfully appropriated, provided there shall issue certificates of location of the character prescribed in the Act for the adjustment of private land claims in Florida, Louisiana and Missouri.

An Explanation.

WASHINGTON, April 26th.—Alien of Mississippi rose to a question of personal privilege in the House to-day, and replied to the strictures in the press on a speech in the recent Pennsylvania Republican Convention, in which he reflected on the integrity of Senator Quay. Allen said it had never been his purpose to attack Senator Quay, and he had never done so. In the heat of debate, in reply to Cannon, who arraigned the Democratic party because it had defaulting State Treasurers, he had simply said that the Democratic party never elected them to the United States Senate or made one of them Chairman of its National Committee.

He did not know Quay, but understood that he was a man of some good traits. Allen denied being a party to any conspiracy to injure or defame him.

Frank Page.

WASHINGTON, April 26th.—The condition of ex-Representative Horace F. Page of California, who has been seriously ill for several weeks, is practically unchanged this morning. Page suffered from asthma during some years. Recently heart trouble set in, which completely prostrated him.

Dr. Sowers, the attending physician, said this morning that Page might live some weeks or some months, but his sudden death at any moment would not surprise him.

LATER.—The condition of ex-Representative Horace F. Page, of California, who has been seriously ill for several weeks, is practically unchanged. Heart trouble has completely prostrated Mr. Page, and the attending physicians said to-day he might be expected to die any moment.

He Wants a Raise.

WASHINGTON, April 26th.—Commissioner Groff has written a letter to Secretary Noble recommending that the appropriation of $100,000 for protecting timber lands from depredations be raised to $140,000. The Commissioner says the efficiency of the work depends on the number and activity of special agents; that in California there are between one and three thousand cases, with but a short season for work in the field, and a large force should be organized for active work as soon as spring opens. Groff says the same may be said of Washington and Montana. Both Secretaries Noble and Windom recommend an increase in the appropriation.

Must Go Back to China.

WASHINGTON, April 26th.—D. E. Coon, Chinese Inspector at San Diego, to-day telegraphed the Treasury Department as follows: "My constabular force have arrested to-day eleven Chinamen and two white men, accomplices, smuggling through the line from Mexico. I learn that the number making their way north to the line is increasing." Assistant Secretary Tichenor at once telegraphed Coon to turn these prisoners over to the Collector of Customs for investigation and return to China.

Time for Building Cruisers.

WASHINGTON, April 26th.—The Secretary of the Navy has issued a circular announcing that both the 5,500-ton and 8,100-ton cruisers recently advertised for by the Department must be completed by January 1, 1893, or about two and a half years from the date of contracts, if any are made. Under the first advertisement, in the original proposal, the time for the 5,500 ton vessel was stated at two and a half years, and the other at three years.

A Murder Trial.

WASHINGTON, April 26th.—It is understood that the trial of Frank Ward, the dairyman, indicted for the murder of Maurice Adler, in the Marble Saloon, on Pennsylvania avenue, will be placed on the Court calendar either next week or the week following. His counsel have abandoned the idea of making another motion for admission to bail and will ask that the case be disposed of as soon as possible.

Mrs. Garfield and Daughter.

WASHINGTON, April 26th.—Mrs. Garfield and her daughter, Mrs. Brown, visited the White House this morning for the first time since the death of President Garfield. They were received in the red parlor by the President and Mrs. Harrison and Mrs. McKee.

CONGRESSIONAL.

IN THE SENATE.

WASHINGTON, April 26th.—The usual number of petitions were received favoring free coinage of silver, the passage of the Farquhar tonnage bill, and the passage of the service pension bill.

The Committee on Indian Affairs reported favorably the bill to carry out the provisions of the treaty with the Sioux Indians in South Dakota, and it at once passed.

The Committee on Military Affairs reported a resolution allowing Lieutenant Lemby, of the army, to accept a position under the Colombian Government, and it was at once passed.

Stewart introduced a bill to increase the pension of General Patrick O'Connor.

The calendar was then taken up and numerous bills were passed. Among them was one to validate pre-emption filings and pre-emption proofs made within the States of North and South Dakota, Montana and Washington in certain cases.

Voorhees called up the resolution to accept the sword of Captain Samuel C. Reid and present a gold medal to the Captain's son. He made a long address favoring the resolution.

Evarts followed, also in favor of the resolution.

Sherman and Manderson opposed the resolution, as they believed the medal should not be given to the son, as he had not done anything to deserve the medal. It was finally agreed to amend the resolution so as to deposit the medal with the sword in the National Museum and the resolution as amended was defeated by 12 ayes to 26 noes.

Voorhees raised the point of no quorum and a call of the Senate resulted in enough Senators answering to their names to make a quorum.

Voorhees then withdrew the resolution and returned it to the calandar.

IN THE HOUSE.

WASHINGTON, April 26th.—The House passed several bills of minor importance and went into Committee of the Whole on the legislative, executive and judicial appropriation bill.

Carter of Montana introduced a bill this morning providing that so much of the Act making appropriations for the sundry civil expenses of the Government for the fiscal year ending June, 1889, as reserved from settlement and occupation all public lands, except for reservoirs, ditches and canals for irrigation purposes, is hereby repealed.

Some debate followed Payson's resolution, and the latter did not insist. A motion to adjourn resulted yeas 64, nays 93—no quorum. Tellers were called for, and Springer and Butterworth were appointed. The vote resulted, on a motion to adjourn, yeas 58, nays 93—no quorum.

VIOLENT LOVE-MAKING.

A Widow Forced to Take a Hubby She Did Not Want.

FERNANDINA (Fla.), April 26th.—This town is all agog over the erratic and violent love-making of G. R. Hubby, a City Councilman. Mrs. Thorpe, a respectable and attractive widow, was married to Hubby late yesterday under circumstances which were scandalous in the extreme. Mrs. Thorpe says that during a drive in the morning with Hubby he drew a pistol and threatened to shoot her if she did not at once consent to marry him. After forcing her consent he drove her to his residence and sent for Rev. Mr. Cross to marry them. Cross responded in person, and was met by Hubby, who handed him a license. Cross examined it, and, finding it correct, he proceeded with the ceremony. During all this Mrs. Thorpe had sat hopelessly silent on a lounge, with her head resting on her hand. She stood up at the request of Cross, and in low tones made the responses of the Episcopal ritual without any outward sign of disturbance till the ring was to be placed on her finger when she dropped in a dead faint.

Soon after the ceremony Hubby went to the Egmont Hotel and informed her parents of the marriage. During his absence Mrs. Thorpe succeeded in escaping from the house and reaching her parents, and told them of the threats used to induce her to go through the ceremony. She broke down completely and doctors were hastily called in. Mrs. Thorpe's father threatens to kill Hubby on sight.

FLOODED FARMS.

Deplorable Condition of the Lowlands in Louisiana.

BAYOU SARA (La.), April 26th.—The water of the river is only about a foot or less below the crown of the levee, which is twenty-six feet high. The break in the Morganza crevasse is now 1,500 feet wide, and is caving off at the rate of 300 feet in twenty-four hours. Every effort will be made to protect the remainder of the levee as soon as possible.

NEW ORLEANS, April 26th.—The *Times-Democrat's* Morgan City special says: The water in Atchafalaya river is now nearly two feet above its usual level, and it has begun to invade the streets in earnest, being two inches above the mark of yesterday. The merchants are removing their goods to places of safety. The flood will entail a heavy loss upon the people living on bayous and in the swamps near here. A great many will be compelled to leave their homes to the mercy of the water, sacrificing crops and property, and probably, in some cases, cattle.

ELECTRIC FLASHES.

Condensed Telegraphic Dispatches from All Parts of the World.

Patti sailed for Europe yesterday.

Succi has successfully concluded his forty-day fast.

The Empress of Germany arrived a Darmstadt yesterday.

Carnot arrived at Digne yesterday. There was great enthusiasm.

The sale of $1,200,000 Atchison guarantee notes has been effected.

Two ruffians have been arrested for the attempted assassination of the Dervan of Cambay.

Emin Pasha has started for the interior, accompanied by 600 porters, five German officers and a large body of Nubian soldiers.

Rain prevented games of the Players, and National Leagues at Brooklyn, Buffalo, Pittsburg, Cleveland and Cincinnati yesterday.

The annual report of the San Diego Land Company shows sales to the amount of $50,553 for 106 acres. The company had 32,782 acres remaining, inventoried to be worth $5,578,877.

The Hamburger *Nachrichten* says that German Embassadors abroad have been summoned to Berlin to consider various pending questions between the German and other Governments.

Stanley arrived at Dover yesterday afternoon. He was accompanied by the King from Brussels to Ostend, and was met at Amsterdam by the Mayor and Aldermen and a large crowd. He left for London last evening.

At a meeting of the French Cabinet, Barbey, Minister of Marine, announced that sufficient supplies have been sent to Kotonou, Dahomey, to last during the rainy season. The cruiser Roland had been ordered to leave Senegal with a detachment of Senagalese riflemen to reinforce the Kotonou garrison.

An investigation is about to be made which promises to uncover great fraud extending over a series of years in the German Imperial Naval Department. It is alleged the Government has been robbed of immense sums, and a host of naval officials and reputable firms are implicated, the firms receiving pay for goods never bought or for goods imported from England and overvalued.

A Great Sufferer.

"Yes," said Mrs. Brown to Mrs. Smith, "the poor man suffered awful pains. He was in a tomatoes state for three long days, caused from suspension. The doctor said he was troubled with animation of the stomach, and also a slight confusion of the bowels, which at one time seemed like an attack of sporadic coloric. But the poor man's time had come, and I suppose his death could not be helped, so at exactly 5 o'clock his soul passed to that home from which no man returneth. I felt sorry for his wife. The poor woman nearly went into hieroglyphics."

Her Hands Full.

Excited Boy—"Come on, quick! The ould man is batin' the ould woman again."

Police Justice—"Why don't she come herself if she wants to make a complaint or have him arrested?"

Excited Boy—"She's too busy. She's got him down and is bumpin' his head on the flure."—*Texas Siftings.*

IN FOREIGN LANDS.

Count Waldersee Speaks From a Military Standpoint.

DEATH FOR SELLING SECRETS.

Important Russian Documents That Have Disappeared—Socialism in Germany.

[SPECIAL DISPATCHES TO THE RECORD-UNION.]

MAY DAY.

German Troops Will Suppress Excessive Demonstrations.

BERLIN, April 26th.—The Emperor has telegraphed Chancellor Von Caprivi regarding the attitude of the authorities throughout the country towards the May Day celebrations. Reports from populous centers show that the authorities in some places are preparing to suppress public demonstrations by use of the soldiery. In other places they are confining themselves to issuing warnings against excesses.

The Chancellor has made arrangements to secure a unity of action between the various authorities. Although it is expected in official circles that the day will pass over quietly, every precaution will be taken for the prompt suppression of disorder.

The troops will be kept within their barracks in order to avoid collision with those taking part in the celebrations; but they will be ready to act if required.

The social leaders here continue to influence the men against a suspension of work. Bebel, Liebknecht and Singer, through the Central Committee of the party, are actively operating the present manifestations. Nothing like a unanimous demonstration throughout Germany is now possible, and large numbers of workingmen are found everywhere who differ with those desiring to make a demonstration. The tendency among the workingmen in Berlin is to work half a day on May 1st.

The Socialists of Hamburg, Altona, Leipzig and Frankfort persist in organizing demonstrations. As the police of Hamburg prohibit public meetings, the trades arranged for excursions and rural sports where free vent will be given to the ideas regarding eight hours' work a day.

The labor agitation, apart from May-day, becomes more and more threatening. Papers opposed to the social reforms of the Emperor point to the growth of excitement among the workingmen since the publication of the Imperial rescripts. As the moment for the Emperor's journey to Bremen approached, the employes of the railway on which he was to travel struck for higher wages, and men from other lines had to work the trains.

The strikes that have taken place here this week include the shoemakers, stonelayers, coopers, screwmakers, furniture-polishers, trainmen, boxmakers, tinsmiths, locksmiths, printers, machinists, coppersmiths and a number of minor trades.

Reports from Frankfort, Breslau, Elberfeld and Hamburg show that the strike mania is universal.

An ominous feature of the shoemakers' strike here has been the issue of a violent manifesto, in which the existing social order is denounced. The Emperor's rescripts are attacked as useless. The manifesto says the workmen ought to overturn and renovate society.

The Evangelical Congress meets here on May 28th to discuss the strikes, its protection of the workmen and the position of Christian socialists towards the democratic host.

RUSSIAN ROMANCE.

An Exile Who Will Receive a Large Ancestral Estate.

NEW YORK, April 26th.—Sergius E. Shevitch, a leading social anarchist of the country and editor of the New York *Volks Zeitung*, after a long negotiation with the Russian Government, has been given the right to take possession of his large ancestral estates in Russia, from which he was banished because of his political creed. Shevitch's life has been a most eventful one, while that of his wife, who was first married to a Prince, is full of romance.

Sergius E. Shevitch was educated at Stuttgart and Guttenberg and is 42 years old. After leaving college he was made an attache of the Russian Legation at Stuttgart, which post he lost because he embraced socialism. His brother at this time was Governor of the province of Lisland, Russia, in which the family estates were located.

When the elder Shevitch died the Governor got his share of the estates, but the other half, belonging to Sergius Shevitch, was confiscated because he was an exile from his native land and a political enemy of the Czar. Soon after this, for defending his brother, the Governor lost favor with the Czar and was deposed from his high office.

The eventful period of the life of Mrs. Shevitch began in 1864 in the gay court of Emperor William at Berlin, to which her father, Count Dounniges, was Bavarian Minister. Ferdinand Lasalle, the great scholar and Socialist, was then in the zenith of his fame. He met the fair Countess Helene and they fell in love. The Countess' parents would not consent to her union with Lasalle, fearful that it would cost them much of their social prestige and the Count his high position because of Lasalle's opposition to the Government.

Prince Racowitz, with large estates in Hungary, was also an ardent admirer of the youthful Countess, and to him her parents promised her hand. When the young woman heard of this she fled to Lasalle, and placing herself under his protection, she begged that he would elope and marry her. Lasalle's strong sense of honor would not permit this. He would marry her with her parents' consent or not at all, and he returned the lovelorn Countess to her father's house.

The Bavarian Minister did not appreciate this manly act, for he at once locked his daughter up, and by starving forced her to accept Racowitz. Lasalle challenged the Prince to a duel, which was fought on the banks of Lake Zurich. Lasalle fired into the air. The Prince took deadly aim and killed Lasalle.

Then the Countess married the Prince, but he was even then a victim of consumption, and lived less than a year. The Princess then took to the stage, and starred throughout Germany and Russia. Her great beauty brought her many admirers, among them Sergius Shevitch. Soon after this his Socialistic tendencies alarmed the Russian Government, and it was hinted that he had better become an exile if he would avoid banishment. The Princess Racowitz favoring his suit, Shevitch married her and then came to America in 1860.

The Princess was only twenty and still a great beauty, and when they had spent the few thousand dollars they had she got an engagement as a star and toured the country. She accumulated a neat sum in a few years, and then they settled in Hoboken, where they have since resided.

COUNT WALDERSEE.

He Speaks from a Strictly Military Point of View.

BERLIN, April 26th.—Count Waldersee received the *Herald's* correspondent at the general staff building just before he left for Bremen. He wore the undress frock coat of his own regiment, the Thirteenth Lancers. "As far as I myself am concerned," he said, "I am a mere spectator. I believe in allowing workmen their will in the matter of a demonstration on May day. I also, however, favor allowing every employer to choose his own methods of dealing with his workmen, under the circumstances, even if he goes to the length of saying, 'Take part in the demonstration if you please, but if you do you are discharged.' The active service in the army will on no account be allowed to take part in the manifestation. If scenes of violence occur the authorities will intervene with all the force at their disposal for the protection of peaceful citizens."

"There is, however, a humorous side to the matter," added the Count, with a merry gleam in his eye, "if all the workingmen turn out, brewery employes must turn out, too, and if there are no brewery men there can be no beer, and without beer where is enthusiasm to come from?"

AFRICAN AFFAIRS.

England is Very Much Disturbed Regarding Her Possessions.

LONDON, April 26th.—It is evident from the tone of the English press that the English are very much disturbed over the new aspect of affairs in Africa. They daily give token of their perturbation, and though some of the Government organs profess to minimize the African business, and ridicule the idea that such a mild-mannered man as Emin will be able to supplant English endeavors, yet it is plain that a genuine surprise and alarm have seized them.

The latest scheme urged is a congress of all the Powers interested in Africa, which shall agree upon a partition of that continent. The proposal is put forth by English papers as the best and only possible amicable arrangement, and neither England nor Germany will be likely to remain idle while such a proposition is being discussed.

But the scramble for Africa having fairly begun, the strict observance of their respective spheres of influence will be little respected by the leaders of exploring parties. The British East African Company is quietly preparing an expedition whose object will be to circumvent Emin and held the country in the British interest until Stanley can take command, establish treaties, and begin the enormous work of opening the country.

THEY ARE IN EARNEST.

The Socialists in Germany and the Eight-Hour Movement.

BERLIN, April 26th.—The *Herald* correspondent called on a Socialist editor here, who shall for obvious reasons be nameless. He said that in Berlin, at any rate, the manifestation would not take the form of a procession as a means of expressing opinion, this being abhorrent to the German, especially to the Prussian, mind. What was aimed at was to show that the Socialists were in earnest to make a demonstration in favor of eight hours for a day's work so imposing as to force the Reichstag to consider the eight-hour law.

There would be a great many little open-air meetings, the weather permitting, and in Berlin especially. The speakers at them were already designated. They did not include any famous Socialist Deputies, such as Bedel and Singer, who were expelled and could only be in Berlin when the Reichstag was in session, and not till nearly a week after the demonstration.

Irish Nationalists.

LONDON, April 26th.—Nearly all the prominent Irish Nationalists here are opposed to the proposition to call a convention of the National League of America. Parnell has not yet received a letter on the subject which is said to have been forwarded by Dr. O'Reilly of St. Louis, and until he has received it he will say nothing on the subject. But among his leading colleagues there is a feeling that the present would be an inopportune moment to summon a convention. Opinions expressed by Dillon about the state of the organization in America do not tally with the statement alleged to be in Dr. O'Reilly's letter, that the National League is moribund.

The Queen's Health.

LONDON, April 25th.—It is well known in Court circles here that Queen Victoria's health is seriously imperiled. Her Majesty's visits to Aix-les-Baines, whither she went for the cure of persistent acute inflammation of the muscle of her leg, has been in vain. English papers report she is unable to walk and is assisted out of her carriage. She is very ill and weak and suffering from incurable dropsy, which is only prevented from taking a malignant form by the hight of medical skill and the greatest precaution. Her Majesty is much depressed in spirits. She will return to London on Tuesday.

He Takes it Coolly.

BERLIN, April 26th.—The Kaiser, while he disapproves the proposed manifestation on May day, is inclined to take the matter very coolly. He does not think it advisable to interfere in any way. He thinks it wise to let the demonstration take place, and let the outcome be his guide of action in the future. No special measure will be taken to preserve order, nor will troops be confined to their barracks in the city. However, where 20,000 men can be brought together by the beat of a drum at any time in an hour, extraordinary measures are scarcely necessary.

Succi, the Faster.

LONDON, April 26th.—It is stated that during the forty days that Signor Succi, the Italian faster, has been showing the public how they can live on nothing, four persons have died by starvation in London. Succi seems to have experienced no ill effects, except that he had to resume the habit of eating with caution, for fear that he might kill himself. His exhibition of abstinence and endurance was painful to everybody but himself and the doctors. He receives a salary of $200 a week.

Selling Secrets.

VIENNA, April 26th.—Advices from St. Petersburg state that Captain Schmitz, who sold the plans of the torpedo defenses to English and German attaches for less than $1,000, will be shot and the plans altered.

A more important theft has been discovered in the archives of the Russian General's staff, all the documents relating to the mobilization of the Russian army on the German and Austrian frontiers having disappeared. Their loss has caused dismay in Russian military circles.

The Dublin Strikes.

DUBLIN, April 26th.—Davitt's efforts failed to remove the dead-lock between the railroad men and its employers. Freight traffic has been stopped and passenger and mail trains has been giving erratic service. The signal men who struck are to be prosecuted for endangering the public safety. The people are irritated by the loss of trade and the diversion of American mails to Southampton and no sympathy is felt for the strikers.

Railroad Sold.

BUENOS AYRES, April 28th.—It is announced that an English syndicate has purchased the Western Railway for $41,000,000 in gold. This leaves Buenos Ayres a surplus of $16,000,000. The Finance Minister says he is confident that with this surplus the Government will be able to control currency gambling. Gold is at 140 premium.

The Regulation Banshee.

A generation or more ago a certain doctor, who practiced in County Mayo, had been sitting up one night with a gentleman who was dangerously ill. After some hours the crisis seemed over; the patient fell into a quiet sleep, and the doctor retired into another room to get a little rest.

He had not been there long when a servant rushed into the room, crying and wringing her hands, and exclaiming:

"Och, the poor masther—the poor masther!"

"Hold your tongue," said the doctor; "the master is better, and will be doing well enough if you don't wake him with your keening."

"Och, doctor, dear, don't ye hear the Banshee?" said the girl, who was evidently half scared out of her wits.

"Banshee, indeed!" replied the doctor; "it's your own fancy, and nothing else."

But the girl would not be satisfied until the doctor accompanied her back into the room where the master lay, and there, sure enough, he heard a faint, mournful sound borne upon the wind.

He went to the window and looked out. Before the house, and stretching for a considerable distance, was a great lawn, bright with the moonlight, and with not a tree or shrub to afford shelter to any living thing, and from out of the midst of the moonlight could be heard a low, plaintive note, rising and sinking, and rising again.

Startled out of his skepticism, the doctor rushed to his patient's bedside and found him at his last gasp.

Unlike most sprites and phantoms, the Banshee is attached, not to places, but to persons, and will follow a member of the family to which she belongs across the sea to warn him of the approaching doom of himself or of his kinsfolk. No families save those descended from the ancient Irish chiefs can boast of a Banshee. A certain amount of ignorance seems to prevail upon this head. There are many families of Norman or Saxon descent in Ireland, as in most countries, who being possessed of some death-boding apparition—no doubt a highly respectable phantom in its way—dignify it with the name of Banshee, a title to which, as we have seen, it has no valid claim.—*The National Review.*

Working the Chopper.

"What's troublin' yer, Jakey?" inquired the proprietor of a Thirteenth-avenue restaurant, as he noticed his head waiter hanging around the cash desk.

"De cook wants to know wottle we do wid yestiddy's pieces.

"Much?"

"Quite some."

"Wot are they?"

"Dere's half a ham, five cold veal cutlets, some liver, nineteen chicken wings and twelve pieces of mutton."

"You tell de cook, Jakey, to put 'em in and work de chopper, and den put on the blackboard:

"Special To-day
Excelsior Croquettes, two for ten."

Four silver salt-cellers of the sixteenth century sold in London lately for $700.

CALIFORNIA AND COAST.

Marysville Treated to the Sensation of a Runaway Match.

J. V. COLEMAN FOR GOVERNOR.

Burglaries at Grass Valley—Fruit Trees Killed—Sad Drowning at Auburn.

[SPECIAL DISPATCHES TO THE RECORD-UNION.]

ANTI-DEBRIS.

Dr. Stone Interviewed at Length on the Subject.

MARYSVILLE, April 26th.—The *Appeal* to-morrow morning will contain an interview with Dr. C. E. Stone, President of the Anti-Debris Association in relation to the subject of river improvement, now exciting much attention in the Sacramento valley.

The doctor, speaking in his official capacity, says he favors Government work as soon as practicable for the benefit of navigation, but believes that it is necessary for the Government, while so doing, to maintain a constant vigilance to enforce the anti-debris clause of the River and Harbor Act passed four years ago. He believe that one dollar spent in preventing injury by hydraulic mining is of greater help to navigation than twenty dollars devoted to remedial work.

He says the association is in receipt of information from trustworthy sources that a considerable number of hydraulic mines on the Feather, Yuba, Bear and American rivers are equipped for operation this season, and owing to the unusually stormy winter, which has enabled them to make preparations without detection, will have plenty of water for mining. It is his opinion that nothing but vigilance and prompt action by the Federal authorities will prevent the operation of these mines.

While such hydraulic mining as inflicts injury is legally dead, yet the association believes that there will continue to be danger of illicit hydraulicking in California, making a continuance of the organization advisable, as an aid to the Government in the prosecution of the offenders. The Federal authorities are acting under the clause of the River and Harbor Act above referred to, and the cost of prosecuting illicit hydraulickers is defrayed out of the appropriations for the Feather and Sacramento rivers.

Dr. Stone says that in addition to mines ready to discharge debris into streams at the first opportunity, there are large mines which make a show of impounding debris, while they have every facility for discharging debris directly into rivers, which is much less expensive to the owners. Such mines have in the past violated the law, and he thinks these properties should be constantly watched. He believes in enforcing the law against all offenders, great and small, as the aggregate injury resulting from the numerous mines in operation would be formidable, and such enforcement prevents charges of discrimination and favoritism.

George Ohleyer, Manager of the Anti-Debris Association, coincides in these views, which fairly reflect the public sentiment here.

MYTHICAL DESTITUTES.

The Seattle Relief Committee's Secretary Gets Into Trouble.

SEATTLE (Wash.), April 26th.—A sensation was created here this afternoon by the publication in the *Times* of serious charges against Secretary J. T. McCombs, of the Seattle Relief Committee. It is asserted that an investigation by reporters into the alleged causes of destitution relieved by McCombs during the month of April, showed that ten of these persons had no existence, and that for each of these McCombs had drawn a check for $20.

It is thought that further investigation will show that ever since McCombs has acted as Secretary of the Relief Committee, a period of about nine months, he has been carrying on this system of speculation. If so, the amount he has gotten away with will foot up into the thousands, as there has been disbursed a total of $84,000. The Relief Committee, which was previously informed that the *Times* would make the charges, met early this afternoon and suspended the Secretary. He is not yet under arrest, but is kept under surveillance by a detective. An accountant will be employed to investigate the books.

Runaway Match.

MARYSVILLE, April 26th.—Something of a sensation has been created here by the elopement of Frank Gunther and Miss Emma McClure last night. The girl is only 15 years old. She left home about 9 o'clock with the professed object of visiting a neighbor's house and that was the last seen of her. It is believed that the couple drove to Wheatland and there took the train for San Francisco, where the girl's mother, Mrs. L. J. Wilkinson, has relatives. The young couple have been in love for some time past, but were forbidden to associate with each other. Mrs. Wilkinson is much distressed and has invoked the aid of the police to recover her daughter.

THEY ARE MARRIED.

MARYSVILLE, April 26th.—News has reached this place that Frank F. Gunther and Emma McClure, who eloped from Marysville last night, were married at Grass Valley to-day.

Sad Bereavement.

AUBURN, April 26th.—Yesterday evening about 5 o'clock, the three-year-old daughter of O. F. Seavey, editor of the *Placer Herald*, was missing from her home, and her body was found about four miles below Auburn, in the Bear River ditch. She had undoubtedly fallen into the ditch, was drowned, and had floated that distance before the body was found.

Mr. Seavey was at Forest Hill at the time, where he was to act as orator for the Odd Fellows' anniversary. Great sympathy is felt by the community. The child was an unusually bright one.

Salvation Wins.

LOS ANGELES, April 26th.—Judge Cheney to-day decided unconstitutional the city ordinance preventing the Salvation Army from beating drums and tambourines and blowing horns upon the streets. Salvationists arrested under the ordinance were discharged.

The flower festival, which closes to-night, will be a great success, eclipsing all former efforts. The receipts will reach probably $8,000. The proceeds are for the benefit of the Y. M. C. A.

Freight Train Wrecked.

THE DALLES (Or.), April 26th.—A freight train parted on the bridge in this city last evening, damaging the bridge slightly and throwing two freight cars a distance of forty feet, breaking them in small pieces. No person was injured. The freight, consisting of lumber and ties, was not injured.

James V. Coleman.

MODESTO, April 26th.—Hon. M. F. Tarpey, a prominent politician, was in town last night and showed your correspondent a dispatch from James V. Coleman of San Mateo, announcing that gentleman's candidacy for the nomination of Governor of California, subject to the action of the Democratic State Convention.

Sunday School Convention.

SANTA ANA, April 26th.—The Orange County Sunday School Convention is in session here, and is largely attended. The Sabbath question was discussed last evening. Three sessions were held to-day. The last was addressed this evening by Mrs. M. Wells, National Organizer of the W. C. T. U.

Burglaries at Grass Valley.

GRASS VALLEY, April 26th.—Burglars attempted to enter Campbell's store, Boston Ravine, last night by prying off the iron shutters and door. The construction of the brick walls baffled the attempts.

Rodgers' mill, Boston Ravine, has been robbed of rich amalgamating plates.

Fruit Trees Killed.

GRASS VALLEY, April 26th.—Within a small radius in the lower foothills tributary to this city hundreds of young peach, prune and apricot trees are reported killed by the surplus of water in the ground, consequent upon the unusually severe winter.

General Alger in Portland.

PORTLAND, April 26th.—General Russell Alger and party arrived here this morning and were driven over the city in carriages. They will be tendered a reception at the Tabernacle to-night.

GREAT CAVE OF GUACHARO.

One of the Wonders of the Republic of Venezuela.

[From the New York Ledger.]

Among the many subterranean recesses which are met with in different parts of the world, few are more remarkable, and few less known generally, than the Cave of Guacharo, in the Republic of Venezuela, in South America. Indeed, until Humboldt published his masterly delineation of this quarter of the globe, Europeans were ignorant of its existence, although it had been long known to the Spanish missionaries, and was for generations a place of awe and terror to the natives. It is situated near the picturesque and delightful Valley of Caripe, which lies to the west of the Gulf of Paria, in about 10° of north latitude.

In a country where a love of the marvelous is a prominent feature of the mental character, a cavern whose unexplored recesses give birth to a river, and which is inhabited by myriads of nocturnal birds, whose terrible cries awaken all the echoes of the dreary subterranean, is, of course, a never-failing subject of conversation, and the attention of Humboldt was very soon drawn to it.

The cavern continues to wind in the same direction, to be of the same breadth, and to retain its original hight of 70 feet for a distance of 1,450 feet, beyond which it begins to contract in its dimensions. Throughout its length flows a stream of water, in some places thirty feet in breadth and two feet in depth, but from what source this subterranean river comes no one as yet has been able to tell, as the roughness of the cavern and various impediments prevent the progress of explorers beyond a certain point. On issuing from the mouth of the cave, and running a few leagues, the stream joins the River Santa Maria, whose waters ultimately fall into the Gulf of Paria.

Humboldt was astonished to find the cavern abounding in vegetation considerably beyond the distance which the sun's light penetrated. It appears that seeds which are carried into the cave by the old birds to feed their young spring up wherever they can fix themselves in the mold that covers the calcareous incrustations. Blanched stalks, with some half-formed leaves, were found to have attained the hight of two feet.

It is well-known that when light is excluded from plants they become pale and disfigured, of which an instance on a grand scale was here afforded. In advancing, the vault gradually began to contract in hight, and in proportion as it became lower, the cries of the guacharoes sounded more shrill and piercing. The Indians at last refused to proceed any further, and Humboldt was compelled to retrace his steps to the free air and the light of day. He found that a bishop had penetrated much further than he, having measured nearly 2,500 feet from the mouth to the spot where he stopped, although the cavern, to all appearance, extended a great deal deeper.

ALL AROUND THE WORLD.

It is stated that there are 40,321 physicians in the Empire of Japan. The population of the country is put down at about 40,000,000.

The olive tree lives to a great age. One lately destroyed at Beaulieu had a record of five centuries and was thirty-six feet in circumference.

At the election of School Boards in Sweden at the close of 1889, the first occasion on which women were eligible for election, seven were returned.

The total receipts of the Paris theaters last year were $6,500,000, an increase of nearly $2,000,000 over 1888. The exposition is supposed to account for it.

A pair of bantam chickens were sold at the London Crystal Palace for $500, which was almost exactly twice their weight in gold. This is believed to be the highest price ever paid for a single pair of fowls since the days of extravagant and luxurious Rome.

More than one thousand farmers have applied to the Agricultural Department for seeds of the sugar beet, of which the department has imported several tons. This looks as if the farmers were going to try the beet-sugar experiment on a scale large enough to give it a thorough test.

The Japanese National Industrial Exhibition opens at Tokio on the 1st of next month. The buildings cover nearly ten acres of ground and the exhibits will amount, it is said, to 120,000. A visitor doing the collection thoroughly will have to walk past sixteen miles of cases. The Japan *Mail* considers that it will well repay a visit, even from Europe, for it will distance every predecessor in quality as it will in quantity.

Eichhorn, a well-known German tenor, has discovered, if not exactly a way of renewing his youth like the eagle or a lady in society, a method by which old tenors may take a new lease of musical life under somewhat altered conditions. He fell ill, and an operation in his throat was imperative. When he had recovered sufficiently to sing again it was found that his voice had changed from a tenor to a baritone.

A somewhat startling novelty in railway construction comes from Mexico in connection with the building of the new Monterey & Mexican Gulf Railroad. If the equipment be equal to the track, the line must certainly be classed A1 among railways, for it is reported that its sleepers and woodwork are mostly made from mahogany and rosewood, while the bridges and culverts are built of marble, both the wood and the stone being abundant along the route.

In Switzerland and other mountainous countries the goat leads long strings of animals daily to and from the mountains, but it is in South Africa that it is regularly kept and employed as a leader of flocks of sheep. Should a blinding storm of rain or hail drive the silly sheep before it, or cause them to huddle together in a corner so as to suffocate each other, the trained goat will wake them up and, by a method best known to himself, will induce them to follow him to a place of safety.

How to Spell "Man."

"I'm going to have a spelling bee to-night," said Uncle John, "and I'll give a pair of skates to the boy that can best spell 'man.'"

The children turned and stared into each other's eyes.

"Best spell 'man,' Uncle John? Why, there is only one way!" they cried.

"There are all sorts of ways," replied Uncle John. "I'll leave you to think of it awhile;" and he buttoned up his coat and went away.

"What does he mean?" asked Bob.

"I think it's a joke," said Harry, thoughtfully, "and when Uncle John asks me, I'm going to say, 'Why, m-a-n, of course.'"

"It's a conundrum, I know," said Jo, and he leaned his head on his hand and settled down to think.

Time went slowly to the puzzled boys, for all their fun that day. It seemed that after supper time would never come; but it came at last, and Uncle John came, too, with a shiny skate-runner peeping out of his great pocket.

Uncle John did not delay. He sat down and looked straight into Harry's eyes.

"Been a good boy to-day, Hal?"

"Yes—no," said Harry, flushing. "I did something Aunt Mag told me not to do, because Ned Barnes dared me not to. I can't bear a boy to dare me. What's that to do with spelling 'man'?" he added, half to himself.

But Uncle John had turned to Bob.

"Had a good day, my boy?"

"Haven't had fun enough," answered Bob, stoutly. "It's all Jo's fault, too. We boys wanted the pond to ourselves for one day, and we made up our minds that when the girls came we'd clear them off. But Jo, he—"

"I think that is Jo's to tell," interrupted Uncle John. "How was it, boy?"

"Why," said Jo, "I thought the girls had as much right to the pond as the boys. So I spoke to one or two of the big boys, and they thought so, too, and we stopped it all. I thought it was mean to treat girls that way."

Then came a flash from Uncle John's pocket. The next minute the skates were on Jo's knee.

"The spelling match is over," said Uncle John, "and Jo has won the prize."

Three bewildered faces mutely questioned him.

"Boys," he answered, gravely, "we've been spelling 'man,' not in letters, but in acts. I told you there were different ways, and we have proved it here to-night. Think over it, boys, and see."